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SCRUTINY

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CONTENTS

OXFORD LETTER, by *H. A. Mason* *page* 112

WHY UNIVERSITIES? by *F. R. Leavis* 117

REVALUATIONS (V):
SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS, by *L. C. Knights* 133

HISTORY IN THE CLASSROOM, by *W. E. Brown* 161

ADVERTISING AND ECONOMIC WASTE, by *C. H. P. Gifford* 168

COMMENTS AND REVIEWS 175

ENGLAND AND THE OCTOPUS, by D.T. (p. 175). *The Rock*, reviewed by D. W. Harding (p. 180). MR. ELIOT, MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS AND LAWRENCE, *After Strange Gods*, reviewed by F. R. Leavis (p. 184). ANNOUNCEMENT (p. 191). *A B C of Reading*, reviewed by H. A. Mason (p. 192). *Journey to the End of the Night*, reviewed by William Hunter (p. 193). *Soviet Literature*, reviewed by D. S. Mirsky (p. 194). MUSIC IN DECLINE, *The Reality of Music* and *Music Ho !*, reviewed by Bruce Pattison (p. 198). WHICH ENGLAND?, *Here's England*, reviewed by Adrian Bell (p. 206). PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS, reviews by Denys Thompson (p. 208). *Manifesto*, reviewed by F.R.L. (p. 216). *Russian Sociology*, reviewed by H. W. Durant (p. 218). PERIODICALS (p. 219). THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION (p. 219).

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OXFORD LETTER

IT has been noticeable for some time that Oxford is news ' copy ' in a peculiar way, and it may be that consciousness that the eyes of the newspaper world are upon us has effected a change in the traditional outlook. There is at any rate a noticeable attempt on all sides to ' keep up with the times ' and to ' overcome the endemic inertia.' The most obvious form of this attempt is complete submission to the fashionable elevation of politics to the supreme concern of life. The change has at least this to be said in its favour, that desirable qualities such as earnestness and moral passion are called into more active play, and a sense of responsibility dawns earlier than it did. This change is doubtless not peculiar to Oxford and calls for no special remark here. But the consequences of this attitude as they affect the place of literature and culture in the general estimation are worth examining. For it is apparent on the most superficial inspection that the political concern, however well-intentioned, is misplaced and eclipsing the ends to which politics is a means. The attempted autonomy of politics has been won at the expense of literary interests and although ' the place of Art in an industrial world ' is the current topic, that place tends to be mere propaganda or a relaxation when the revolution or the next war is over. Since this is an issue with which *Scrutiny* is principally concerned, it may be of interest to describe representative aspects of the present situation.

A convenient starting point is the reappearance of *The Outlook* in May, 1933. For here in the first number the emergence of a new attitude is announced. ' The present editors believe that there is now coming into existence some attitude—some outlook, in fact—less transient that the post-war poses. The review is trying at once to formulate it and to respond to it. Believing that among those who have shared the life of the University there exist individual and valuable standards of thought and expression, the editors will try to present the application and discussion of those standards

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by those who approve them, use them, are helping to create them.' Had this policy been carried out it is no exaggeration to say that a profound revolution would have begun in the intellectual life of Oxford. For it is just this insistence on and reference to standards that is required to give seriousness to political interests. It is just the failure to exhibit any that could command respect that has nullified the work of previous Oxford publicists, for instance, A. L. Rowse's *Politics and the Younger Generation*. But it is one thing to announce them and quite another to embody them in actual judgment. And it is difficult in the pages of *The Outlook* to discover them at work. Worse still, there seems to be no discussion of them, or of the fundamental principles at stake in the present chaos of civilization. It is difficult to believe that *The Outlook* is in touch with realities at all. There is no sign of awareness of the *general* dissolution of values ; indeed *The Outlook* confines itself modestly to the ' values ' that are aroused in us when we contemplate the precariousness of our economic position. In short we have here the general deficiency ; it is not enough to recognize the failure of Capitalism ; unless this recognition is accompanied by a realization of the breakdown of European *civilization*, and of the particular values maintained by that civilization, values indispensable to any civilization, concern with immediate political issues, however pressing, is mere trifling. This, a commonplace in *Scrutiny*, is a paradox which earns in Oxford either contempt or the charge of shirking the difficult business of getting something done.

A parallel deficiency is displayed in the literary sphere. Since Oxford is blind to the cultural crisis, it is naturally not alive to the significance of those writers who have been most aware of the collapse of tradition and who have preserved in their work the threatened values. Eliot has never been more than a fashionable cult. And when Eliot ceased to be fashionable, a new cult came in—that of Auden, Day Lewis and Spender. That they, too, are a cult and not a directing influence is shown by the complete lack of criticism, and the extravagance of the praise heaped upon them. The situation is curious and laughable. For what seems to be a daring allegiance to the most advanced modern movement is really a reactionary step. The very people who will praise Auden are loudest in their denunciation of Pound. The literary die-hards

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have taken full advantage of this situation. Until recently their most acceptable champion was Mr. F. L. Lucas ; his place is now usurped by Mr. Sparrow whose *Sense and Poetry* has been received with whoops of acclamation from the reactionary elements (not only the dons) not unlike those emitted by Sir John Squire and others on the appearance of Professor Housman's lecture. The book has been reviewed in *Scrutiny* and there is no need to dwell on its arrogant Philistinism. It represents an extreme, it is true ; but it is approved by many who consider that modern poetry has ' gone wrong ' and who would be glad to see the work of Eliot and Pound run down. This confusion, in the absence of criticism, is a serious matter from an educational point of view. Many of the prejudices acquired in the University will be reproduced a hundredfold in classrooms in succeeding years.

An instructive comment on the general atmosphere is provided by the contrast between the prose of *The Outlook* and the verse of the latest *Oxford Poetry*. The former represents with the reservations made in this article a mature pose, but the latter in spite (or is it because of?) its dedication ' to Wystan Auden, Cecil Day Lewis and Stephen Spender ' reflects with hardly an exception a failure to grow beyond school age, which is inexcusable at the present time. For the current tradition is one in which mature interests can appear in verse. Yet from the pages of *Oxford Poetry* one would never guess that we were out of the 19th century. Ignoring the deliberate or unintended triviality of the greater part of the book, we are faced with the poems of Mr. Richard Goodman, the one contributor who has taken the dedication to heart. His verse prompts a slight digression. A communist outlook takes two forms in Oxford as elsewhere ; it is either rigidly doctrinaire or sentimental in a way peculiar to the public schools. A magazine which appeared recently in Oxford entitled *This Unrest* may be fairly taken as typical. The editorial sponsors the doctrine that ' unless a man is participating in the struggle for the liberation of the working classes, his work will be necessarily mechanical, subjective, and decadent in content, though it may possibly attain something like perfection in form.' The critical inanity of this distinction of content and form needs no comment ; not unnaturally it leads a contributor on *Literature and the World Situation* to the worthless evaluation of T. S. Eliot and D. B. (sic)

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Wyndham Lewis represented by endorsing D. S. Mirsky's judgment of the former—' the end of bourgeois poetry '—and in describing the latter as a Fascist. A writer who is content to leave matters here has abdicated the critical task.

For all their exaltation of mood the communist poems of Mr. Goodman are curiously limp and in places *false*. He fakes the emotion he means to create by means of words which, from their use by good writers in serious contexts, carry a strong emotional weight. It might be said that only the whole life and work of Mr. Yeats can justify his use, for instance, of ' proud,' ' majestic,' ' passionate.' How then are we to regard this?

> Singing through sleep, even in their sleep they are singing,
> those passionate ones the earth shaped and has now reclaimed,
> after their life and their intense happiness as men
> when they walked proudly among us
> in their erect bodies and their desires massed brilliant as flowers.

Communist poetry of this standard, though common, is not perhaps typical and may be nothing more than the wash left by the triad of the dedication. For its virtues and vices are those of the *New Country* group. But they are no more than we have a right to respect when all sections accept this group as a group and admire them for reasons not strictly concerned with the verse itself.

The editorial of *The Outlook* stated clearly what is required to prevent so much valuable energy from being diverted into wasteful and actually dangerous channels. If the Universities are to contribute anything to the preservation of civilization they must have a lively, concrete sense of what there is to be preserved. For once this awareness becomes general there is an abundance of disinterested energy available. But in Oxford it is without a focus. Although *Scrutiny* exists to meet precisely such a predicament, it has had singularly little influence in Oxford. The reasons, at the risk of giving offence, can be briefly stated. They rest one and all on the misconception that *Scrutiny* is in a special sense a Cambridge organ. The general attitude is set by *The Outlook*.

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' But however central its aspirations, it is not unfair to say that one of its main interests for us consists in the indication it gives of literary movements in Cambridge, where it is published and edited. It is noticeable that most of the literary critics in *Scrutiny* use that Cambridge phraseology which we know but do not like—" stimuli," " responses," etc.' It is clear from this (and this is the opinion of most of those who have heard of, but not read *Scrutiny*) that *Scrutiny* is being confused with Dr. Richards and Cambridge philosophy. It might be an advantage to be associated with the former if it were not in just that aspect in which he is most open to attack. The fact that *Scrutiny* does not use the impulse as the basis of criticism and does not see the world through those impressive Utilitarian spectacles should lead to the removal of this misconception. But as long as *Scrutiny* remains more attached to one University than another its appeal will be limited. And is this essential? *Scrutiny* is surely more concerned with Universities in general than with any particular one. A further disadvantage is the suggestion that only in Cambridge are standards maintained.

The excuse for retailing these ' grievances ' is that but for them *Scrutiny* has every chance of playing just that role the situation in Oxford requires ; and not only in Oxford. If there is to be a *Scrutiny* movement, it could have no more influential field than the English Universities.

H. A. Mason.

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WHY UNIVERSITIES ?[1]

'THE true tribute to Dr. Meiklejohn and his colleagues would be to suggest how the spirit, and, to a great extent, the technique, of the Experimental College might be applied in a real training of intelligence, a real education, which should start from, and be always associated with, the training of sensibility in the literature of the student's own language (where alone it is possible). But this must wait till the next number of *Scrutiny*.' This conclusion to the review of *The Experimental College* that appeared in *Scrutiny* for December, 1932, can hardly have been read by Dr. Meiklejohn without a smile. Not that, across the half-a-dozen intervening numbers, the substance of the review seems to call for revision ; but well before the ' next number ' there had been time to recognize the easy promise as a lapse, an accident of journalistic hurry.

The experiments at Madison were matters of arduously practical particularity, such as we are not faced or favoured with the prospect of emulating. They had, moreover, a given setting of antecedent and attendant conditions ; and to present in the form of plans for a rival Experimental College the reflections and suggestions provoked by Dr. Meiklejohn's report would not be a very appropriate or profitable course. There are prior considerations. If, with an eye on the actual conditions in front of us, we ask what it is worth hoping to see attempted in this country, there are certain generalities to handle first ; and a truly practical spirit inhibits a blithe advance into detailed schemes. This is the apology for what will, no doubt, seem platitudinous and inconclusive in the following. The important and essential can be obvious and yet get little active recognition: to evoke as much active recognition and assent as possible is a first step.

What, then, is the function of a university?—for the Experimental College had a university as a background or context. It

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[1] *The Experimental College*, by Alexander Meiklejohn, Harper. *Thoughts After Flexner*, by Brooks Otis. *The New Frontier*, April, 1934.

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might, of course, be replied that to provide in practical terms the answer is just the aim of an Experimental College. And the theoretical answer given might very well be in the terms used by Dr. Meiklejohn in his admirable account of a liberal education and the kind of intelligence this would foster. This account itself, however, which is so admirably far from narrow in scope, admits considerations that, followed up, lead us on to envisage a function decidedly more inclusive—more inclusive than any that can be adequately discussed in terms of liberal education; or, at any rate, adequately taken stock of by an attention focussed upon the immediate business of liberal education. Consider, for instance, the effect of these juxtaposed extracts:

> 'This closeness of connection between the character of a society and the character of its education cannot be too strongly stressed. Schools and colleges are not something apart from the social order to which they belong.' (p. xi).

> 'In view of what has already been said it may be assumed that the function of intelligence is to serve men in the creation and maintenance of a social order, a scheme of individual and group living, which will meet the human demands for beauty, strength, justice, generosity, and the like.' (p. xvii).

> 'Our first aim is not to get liberal thinking done excellently, but to get it done at all. In a word, we must recognize that the drift of American life is against those forms of liberal teaching which seem most essential to its welfare.' (p. 138).

The problem raised in the passage from the first extract to the last has, as encountered within the range of our own experience, been a constant theme in *Scrutiny—the* constant theme. For commentary on 'drift' and for a reminder of the size and urgency of the problem, it will, perhaps, be permissible to recall certain observations from the March editorial:

> 'The social and cultural disintegration that has accompanied the development of the vast modern machine is destroying what should have been the control, and leaves a terrifying apparatus of propaganda ready to the hands of the more or less subtle, more or less conscious, more or less direct, emulators of Hitler

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and his accomplices. What is to forestall or check them? . . . without an intelligent, educated and morally responsible public, political programmes can do nothing to arrest the process of disintegration—though they can do something to hasten it.

'*Scrutiny* stands for co-operation in the work of rallying and strengthening such a public, the problem being to preserve (which is not—need we say?—to fix in a dead arrest) a moral, intellectual and, inclusively, humane tradition, such as is essential if society is to learn to control its machinery and direct it to intelligent, just and humane ends. To assume that there can be a substitute, a solution by improvisation, is not to see the problem.'

By a happy coincidence we were able in the same editorial to refer the reader to the first number of *The New Frontier*. In an essay there called *A New Aristocracy*, and in *Thoughts After Flexner* in the second number, Mr. Brooks Otis tackles the problem in terms immediately relevant to the present approach. For him, too, the 'drift' is 'disintegration,' and the account he gives of it coincides substantially with that presented and illustrated in these pages. And to set beside the remark above about 'political programmes' we find in *Thoughts After Flexner* this: 'All such "schemes" indeed become Utopian and futile in exact proportion to their lack of support by a sufficiently capable and influential group of human beings.'

Here we have the consideration that makes those who are most aware of the need for political action and deliberate social reordering least able to find comfort in political or politico-economic enthusiasms. The consideration may be said to have two aspects. On the one hand, there is the enormous technical complexity of civilization, a complexity that could be dealt with only by an answering efficiency of intellectual co-ordination—a co-operative concentration of knowledge and understanding—such as conditions, on the whole, hardly seem to favour more as the social and cultural organism decays. And here, in the organic decay that accompanies the technical elaboration, we have the other aspect: even if some 'plan' not so very much more complex than, say, the Douglas scheme could be conceived of as a demonstrably adequate basis for immediate action, there still

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remains to be imagined the convincing of all those capable of following the demonstration, and, more difficult, the enlisting of the necessary co-operative will and energy.

Actually, of course, to separate into aspects is a mere convenience. There are, no doubt, a number of particular problems that are purely or predominantly technical, but the essential and inclusive problem is one of co-ordination, and there can be no effective or inclusive co-ordination that is not as much moral as intellectual. In the face of what may be called a pretty general technocratic drift one must go on insisting that efficiency is to be measured in relation to human ends attained or promoted ; it is disastrous to pursue as an end in itself the smooth running of the machinery. This proposition few, probably, will dispute. Nevertheless, how great a positive effort—effort of conservation, concentration and construction—is involved in an adequate attention to ends is certainly not much recognized, and this failure to recognize the obvious is one of the marks of the disease. It is as if society, in so enormously complicating its machinery, had incurred a progressive debility of consciousness and of the faculties of co-ordination and control—had lost intelligence, memory and moral purpose. (No metaphysic of the collective implied here ; the figurative statements translate into such terms as Mr. Brooks Otis's ' capable and influential group of living human beings,' and our ' tradition, intellectual, moral and humane.') The inadequacy to their function of statesmen, and of labour-leaders, is notorious and depressing. But what reason can anyone show for being exhilarated by the hopes of revolutionaries?

It is a romantic and irresponsible vision that acclaims a human triumph to emerge out of catastrophe, just as it is a philistine obtuseness that (whatever it may call itself) sees a human triumph in any Utopian consummation of the process of the capitalist era. The problem is to avoid both a breakdown of the machinery and its triumph—a final surrender to it of the human spirit. ' The great social problem of to-day,' says Mr. Otis, ' has thus become entirely a matter of controlling the machine ' (the machine on which the ' machinery of civilization ' depends).—There can be no control without (to revert to the metaphors of ' organism ' and ' mind ') a higher co-ordination. An urgently necessary work, consequently, is to explore the means of bringing the various

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essential kinds of specialist knowledge and training into effective relation with informed general intelligence, humane culture, social conscience and political will. Indicated here we have the function that is pre-eminently the university's; if the work is not done there it will not be done anywhere.

The general problem as Mr. Otis states it is to restore 'The unity of the Educated Class, and the unity of the Educated Mind in terms of the ideas of its own age.' Of the intellectuals in the past he says admirably:

> 'The important point is that they represented the centre of the civilization of their age—not particular and isolated aspects of it, but the whole of it. They had, of course, their varying occupations, their special ignorances—but they were in general aware of their own world at all points. With their common *lingua franca*, their common stock of knowledge, and their common social status, they gradually developed an idea of what the truly "educated" man should be like, what his rôle in society should be, and in particular what responsibility he had for himself and his world. *This class—in short—may be said to have definitely represented and been responsible for civilization in their time.*'

Any such 'centre'—centre of co-ordination and of consciousness, one may say, pressing Mr. Otis into the context of those metaphors already used—has been virtually lost in the process of disintegration; the process to be discussed in terms of rapid change, mass-production, levelling-down, and, Mr. Otis emphasises, specialization. Specialization represents the problem in the form in which it confronts one when one is asked how, in practice, the function ascribed to the university is, or can be, performed. It is Mr. Otis's charge that, in American universities, hardly any serious show is made of performing it. 'The task is . . . to devise an education whose method and content will supply to its recipients sufficient common premises and ideas to give them an effective unity and a consequent effective influence on the problems of their own time—to give, in other words, meaning and a common function to the "educated" man . . . *par excellence* the man who is responsible for civilization.' But the academic world is part of the contemporary world, and the university itself has been disabled

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for the task by the process that makes the task so urgent: the idea of liberal culture has been defeated and dissipated by advancing specialization; and the production of specialists (Mr. Otis can cite so distinguished a reformer as Dr. Flexner) tends to be regarded as the supreme end of the university, its *raison d'être*.

Specialization, of course, is inevitable (though some kinds are not so obviously necessary as others); the problem is to bring the special sciences and studies into significant relation—to discover how to train a kind of central intelligence by (or through) which they can, somehow, be brought into relation. About the kind of relation into which they can be brought it is not easy to say anything brief and convincing. We cannot hope to produce even one modern Leonardo da Vinci, and, on the other hand, a smattering, or even a good deal more, of half-a-dozen specialisms does not make an educated mind. As Mr. Otis says: 'Our great present educational problem is to devise a method of "cultural" instruction which will—in the modern world—take the place of the old "liberal arts."' What he goes on to say enforces the difficulty of the problem:

> 'This implies—as is indeed self-evident—an enormous effort of synthesis. It is more—infinitely more—than any mere rearrangement of curriculum, which will "require" so many "courses" (survey, orientation or what not) illustrating so many facets of the universe, from the standpoint of eminent Specialists in these facets. An education which aims to present the basic *ideas* that express the civilization of our time, must be the result of a genuine philosophical and historical unification, which will exhibit the actual interplay of ideas, influences, and forces, and which will chart in some way their direction and give some glimmer of their meaning. It might not be too much to say that we need for our own age what the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas was for his.'

So stated, the difficulty might well seem paralysing. Our age will, before it can stand in hope of its *Summa*, have been turned into something very different from what it is now. But education cannot wait upon the synthesis, and the 'enormous effort' that makes the synthesis possible will not be merely philosophical; it will be the effort that creates an age, and the educational effort

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will be an essential part of it. In fact, if we are to restore our chilled courage after Mr. Otis's admirable theoretical statement of the problem we must turn to Dr. Meiklejohn's account of the practical experiment. Where the preoccupation is with immediate practice we find, for 'synthesis,' this:

> 'The principle here involved is that the greatest need of education just now is coherence, unity of interest and intention. On the one hand, it is imperative that in any group which plans for liberal teaching the different fields of knowledge shall be represented. The diverse elements in the human, the intellectual situation, must all be present. But, on the other hand, the essential task is that of bringing these elements into order, into meaning. And for the accomplishing of that purpose the Advisers are persuaded that the smallness of the planning group is a prime requisite. It must be possible, it must be arranged, that all members of the teaching force shall have genuine and intimate intellectual acquaintance with one another. This is another way of saying that the teachers, as they attempt to educate their pupils, must themselves be gaining education from one another, and from their common enterprise. They must be trying to create the wisdom which they wish to impart.'

This passage (it is representative of Dr. Meiklejohn's book) brings home how little the problem can be properly envisaged with an eye fixed narrowly upon the desired student-product of an educational *régime*—envisaged, that is, in terms merely of a standard 'educated man' to be produced. And the 'common enterprise' described by Dr. Meiklejohn had, we remind ourselves, a university as a background—a background that, ideally, would have been very much more than merely that, for a university should be an inclusive and more complex 'common enterprise.'

In fact, at this point a fresh approach seems indicated. No English reader of Dr. Meiklejohn and Mr. Otis can fail to perceive that the practical problem in this country will be appreciably different from theirs, the 'background' here being so different from that exhibited or implied in their references. It is time to consider what there is to start from here. Perhaps, where the older English universities are concerned, there is something to be set against the general American advantage of greater plasticity.

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Those who are close to a strong conservative tradition are apt to be more aware of its disadvantages, yet it must be confessed that even Harvard, in the glimpses afforded by Mr. Otis, appears to have suffered a great deal more from the last half-century of civilization than Oxford and Cambridge have done. At any rate, let us take stock of what we are given, to start from, here.

It has, then, to be recognized that a not altogether inconsiderable, if very small, minority does contrive to get something of an education (in the relevant sense of the word) at Oxford and Cambridge as things are. Perhaps everyone will agree that there are, under existing conditions, some ' educated men ' produced ; and, if the process of their production is considered, it is clearly not to be accounted for in terms of curricula, formal studies and official instruction. Curricula, at the best, give opportunities, and if these are profited by it is mainly owing to the stimulus derived from the general ambience, to the education got in that school of unspecialized intelligence which is created in informal intercourse—intercourse that brings together intellectual appetites from specialisms of all kinds and from various academic levels. It is, it might be said, because they are so much more than educational institutions that the older universities have this measure of educational virtue.

The effect of these considerations is to suggest a restatement of the problem. We have not to debate whether it is to produce specialists or the ' educated man ' that the university should exist. Its essential function involves the production of both—though to say ' *the* educated man ' is perhaps misleading. The problem is to produce specialists who are in touch with a humane centre, and to produce a centre for them to be in touch with ; but this centre is not best conceived as a standard ' educated man.' There will be ' educated men ' with various stresses, various tendencies towards specialization. There will be—as there happily are—specialists who will be classifiable equally as ' educated men.' Ortega y Gasset, as quoted by Mr. Otis, speaks of the ' peculiar brutality and aggressive stupidity with which a man comports himself when he knows a great deal about one thing and is totally ignorant of all the rest.' Even a specialist who merely knows that there *is* a centre will be better than that. And even the mere specialist to whom this degree of education cannot be ascribed

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will, in his complacent barbarism, be less completely cut off from the centre if he is in touch with fellow-specialists who are themselves, in some measure, not uneducated.

Seen in this light, the problem of maintaining a ' centre '—a centre that shall favour the utmost possible of communication and co-ordination—does not take on any less importance. And though the functioning of a university, actually and ideally, is so far from being merely a matter of formal provision and official machinery, these can obviously further as well as frustrate: the practical problem is to make such provision as shall innervate the actual functioning, the essential process associated above with informal intercourse. This end would be most effectively sought, it is clear, by experiment in the spirit and manner of the Experimental College. (It is relevant to remind the reader here of the education gained by the teachers at Madison from their ' common enterprise,' and to suggest once more that the ' common enterprise,' ideally, would involve a wider active co-operation, and so a larger profit, than it was Dr. Meiklejohn's business to take note of.) But the temptation to sketch the lines of such a project must be resisted ; the spirit of these notes is practical in a sense that dictates as close as possible a regard for actualities and probabilities.

It will, perhaps, appear appreciably less Utopian to ask whether, at Cambridge, something might not be made of the English Tripos.[1] The ' educated man ' will not be the product merely of a literary-critical training ; nevertheless, such a training will be essential to his education. He who cannot tell the difference between the living in contemporary literature and the Book Society classic is disabled for discriminations and perceptions without which there can be no effective thinking about contemporary civilization.

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[1]The disadvantage referred to by Mr. H. A. Mason in his *Oxford Letter* (see p. 116 *supra*)—the disadvantage that *Scrutiny* suffers in having its base, as things are, in one university—at this point, no doubt, invites remark. But these notes aim merely to provide a start and a background for the discussion and inquiry. Oxford has made a deliberate offer at tackling the problem of producing the ' educated man ' as Cambridge has not, and we hope to publish a relevant commentary by witnesses who can speak from first-hand knowledge and experience.

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' Intelligence, it seems,' says Dr. Meiklejohn, ' is readiness for any human situation ; it is the power, wherever one goes, of being able to see, in any set of circumstances, the best response which a human being can make to those circumstances. And the two constituents of that power would seem to be, first, a sense of human values, and second, a capacity for judging situations as furnishing possibilities for the realizing of those values. It is very near to wisdom." '—It must be in literature above all that the sense of human values gets its training (the context that prevents such a statement being misunderstood does not, perhaps, need to be explicitly recalled). It is literature that gives access to the inherited wisdom of the race, cultural continuity depending, for the most part, on literature and the literary tradition. All this has been argued and illustrated with some particularity in these pages, and there is no need for recapitulation here.

Now the English Tripos does not, at any rate—and Cambridge in this enjoys a peculiar advantage—put Anglo-Saxon and the rest between the student and literature (where these linguistic compulsions obtain, education is prohibited). It recognizes, too, that an intelligent training in literature leads outside itself and calls for correlations and complements. The recognition, however, is very far from being effective enough ; and there are other serious criticisms to be made. At this point it becomes a delicate matter of tact and tactics to determine just how much to say. The immediate aim is to evoke as much agreement as possible regarding the nature of the essential issues and regarding the attitude incumbent on those who recognize them. A detailed scheme of reform and experiment would not only be out of place ; it would risk being found impertinent in another sense. On the other hand, a certain minimum particularity of suggestion is necessary if the intention of these notes is to have its force and the practical possibilities are to be convincingly present.

Before the board commissioned to adapt the English Tripos in the spirit postulated one would, then, develop criticism and suggestion under three heads: (1) the system of examination ; (2) curricula ; (3) the system of instruction and guidance. These heads, of course, are closely interdependent, and cannot really be considered apart. But there is good reason for starting with the system of examination. When this is examined, the most

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enlightened-looking syllabus may turn out to be a delusion ; and a normally vicious system of examination will certainly determine the actual 'system of instruction and guidance.' 'Nothing,' says Dr. Meiklejohn, 'is more revealing of the purpose underlying a course of study than the nature of the examination given at its close.'

Judged in this light, the underlying purpose of the English Tripos is to produce journalists. Not that the reading for it does not give intelligent men opportunities for educating themselves. But distinction of intelligence, though manifested in a special aptitude for the field of study, will not bring a man a distinguished place in the class-list unless he has also a journalistic facility—a gift of getting promptly off the mark several times in the course of three hours, and a fluency responsive to the clock. Such facility is not the profit towards which a serious critical training—a serious education of any kind—tends, and the intelligent and sensitive, having become more and more aware of the difficulty of thinking anything with precision and delicacy and of writing anything that they can allow to stand, have commonly formed habits that handicap them badly in the examination-room. On the other hand, mere facility, safe from the inhibition that goes with an intelligent interest in the field of study, can and does—the class-lists every year demonstrate it impressively—get Firsts. This facility, of course, is more often than not acquired or improved by hard work ; and there we have the most damning way of putting the case against the system: the good student, as things are, is he who studies single-mindedly and undeviatingly how to come out best in the examination (and what doing well in the examination proves is ability to do well in it). The good supervisor is he who 'gets' the best examination-results. Even the supervisor who remains vividly aware that examination-success as an end in itself is not, as a controlling principle of work, congruous with the ends of education finds himself, again and again, answering the innocently practical question with innocently cynical advice—or proffering the advice unasked (he has, after all, a duty to his pupils, and if he is interested in the future of education he reminds himself that a man has no chance of a university post if he doesn't get a First: the system perpetuates itself). Naturally, some supervisors come themselves to assume the principle single-mindedly,

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and to coach the college team, and exhibit the yearly tale of Firsts, with complete and completely unconscious cynicism.

The fatalism of those (probably the greater number of observers qualified by experience) who would assent substantially to the above account, but who ask, ' What better working system can you suggest?', proves not how difficult it is to conceive of a better way of testing a student's quality, but how impossible it is to effect radical changes under one of the specified heads without radical changes under the others. For answer to the question the reader is referred to the section on Examinations in *The Experimental College* (pp. 93-96). These pages, of course, lead backwards and onwards into the book at large, for it is no examination-room test that they describe ; the grading was determined on the quality of certain ' pieces of work,' representing the sustained constructive effort of a considerable period. ' On the positive side,' says Dr. Meiklejohn, ' the arrangement means that the Advisers will know what, under normal conditions of work, a student is able to do with the sort of task for which education is preparing him . . . In terms of our working principle we may well ask, Can he study an American community and give an intelligent account of its situation and its experience? Can he read a great book in which one of the best of American minds is discussing our external achievement and our inner life? If a student is able to do these things properly by the use of materials which are available to anyone who normally attempts such a task, then we need not stop to enquire how much he recalls of what he has heard or read.' The nature of the ' pieces of work ' is here indicated, the first of the two being the more formidable: an account of a contemporary community, normally that from which the student comes, ' as an episode in human civilization ' (*Middletown* being, obviously, not the only relevant reading).

For details the reader must go to Dr. Meiklejohn's book. To refer to it in this way does not, it should be plain, mean the proposing of any particular scheme or method for imitation. What matters is the general spirit of the practice described, or rather, the exemplifying of the principle that is stated, sufficiently, in the sentences just quoted. Any lesson learnt would, in a revised English Tripos, manifest itself in a scheme and in particulars very different from what is reported by Dr. Meiklejohn. One is tempted

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to do some positive suggesting as to the how, but this is not the place. It will, though, perhaps be as well to remind the reader that, in any scheme, the 'pieces of work' on which a man is 'graded' would not represent all the ground he had covered in his course of study: essays, discussions, and the reading for them would do all the educating they do now (and more), without being directed at an examination.

The changes contemplated under the head of 'examinations' mean, of course, changes equally in 'curricula' and 'system of instruction or guidance.' The general nature of these changes must be left to the merest suggestion. No one, for instance, is likely to dispute that, on the one hand, the time spent at lectures under the present system is for the most part wasted; and that, on the other, the undergraduate needs far more guidance, stimulus, and organized opportunity of contact with maturer minds than he now gets. What supervisor is not oppressed by the impossibility of doing with the single weekly hour more than the merest fraction of what needs doing? Besides the individual attention to each man now primarily intended by 'supervision,' a great deal of group-work—discussion and collaboration of various kinds, more and less organized—is clearly necessary. This would not mean depriving the undergraduate of the initiative and independence now conventionally supposed to be his, but making the supposition reasonable and enabling him to exhibit them to some effect.

Without some such changes as these suggested under the other heads, it would be pointless to suggest changes under the head of 'curricula.' Otherwise one might have started by pointing to the opportunities proposed, as it were, only to be refused in the English Tripos as it is; to ineffectual provisions—regarding Life and Thought, for instance—that do little more than recognize a need. But mere changes in a syllabus cannot make much essential difference. When one comments that there would have been some point in setting Newman's *Idea of a University* for special study if Dr. Meiklejohn's book (and, one now adds, Mr. Otis's essay[1])

[1]A few copies of *The New Frontier* No. 2 containing *Thoughts After Flexner* may be had of Messrs. Deighton Bell & Co. The address of *The New Frontier* is Charles J. Hines, 40 East 60th Street, New York City. Subscription (for six issues) $2.60.

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had been set at the same time, one implicitly postulates more radical changes: 'special study,' if not directed and stimulated by organized discussion (with which further reading and some writing would be associated) cannot be expected to yield a large general profit.

The profit contemplated is not merely in terms of the education of the student. Consider, for instance, what stimulus to contact and collaboration between seniors of various specialist bents would result if it were necessary to advise on and direct, say, the study (which would be collaborative) for a critique of Mr. Wells's *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind.*

This illustration is random ; and, thrown out so, may generate more doubt than light. Some extended particularity of suggestion, the product of much canvassing of the possibilities, might be offered ; but the temptation must be resisted. The immediate business is to plead as cogently as possible for active recognition of the problem and of the direction in which a solution is to be sought: cogency would hardly be increased by such scraps of suggestion as there would alone be room for, or, if more were possible, by the appearance of offering to do, in anticipation, the work of collaborative thought and experiment. These notes would have achieved their purpose if they succeeded in getting effective attention for Dr. Meiklejohn's book as something to be studied and discussed with immediate reference to practical possibilities here: that something worth doing could be done, given the will, the book should leave no room for doubting.

Less modestly stated, the undertaking is to take advantage of Dr. Meiklejohn and Mr. Otis to put the problem in a fresh perspective. How to produce the 'educated man'—the man of humane culture who is equipped to be intelligent and responsible about the problems of contemporary civilization—is an urgent study, but a study that, apart from an adequate 'Idea of a University,' is likely to end in despair. And the 'Idea of a University' implicit, and, as far as possible, expressed, in this essay may be contended for in terms bearing special reference to the most insistent criticism that academic institutions are likely to be receiving—criticism from the Marxist point of view.

It has been maintained in these pages, in face of the Marxist attitude, that to recognize the influence of the economic process,

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and of material conditions generally, upon culture should be to recognize also a need to assert a certain autonomy of the human spirit, and that the assertion would be, if anywhere, in education. But nothing can be hoped of education if the universities are not functioning ; and this not merely because their function is to maintain standards and to supply the schools with educated teachers. The universities make it possible to hope something of education because their function, fully performed, comprises so much more than any talk of education can suggest. It is pre-eminently their responsibility, in our time, to make the 'autonomy' spoken of real ; to represent it and assert it in every way. They are its appointed organs ; and now as never before would it be disastrous, for the world and for them, to lend any colour to the contemptuous use of the word 'academic.' If they stand for a measure of withdrawal from the common grind and pressure of the world, they make possible, not merely a cloistral vegetation, but also a free play of spirit and a concentration of humane forces impossible anywhere else. It is at the universities that Public School boys, from well-to-do bourgeois homes, become Communists. That is as it should be. The relevant attitude for the mature and senior, for authority, is that indicated by Dr. Meiklejohn here:

> 'We too have an economic and social crisis similar to that of Solon's time. With us, too, as a result of conditions which no one seems able to understand, the great bulk of the property tends to fall into the hands of a few ; with us, too, the lower economic class is in terrible fear and distress ; in America, as in Athens, unguided forces take from men their independence, make them slaves of their fellows. And the primary task of liberal education is to make it impossible that boys or men should be in such a situation without attempting to understand and control it . . . The chief task of the teacher as he deals with American college students is to get their minds active, to give them a sense of the urgency of human need, to establish in them the activity of seeing and solving problems.'

But the business of the universities in this respect is not confined to education. It is to an American university that we owe,

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it is worth remembering, *Middletown*. The problems of contemporary civilization, before which statesmen and politicians look so depressingly impotent, call for inquiry of many kinds, all business for trained competence joined with disinterestedness. The more universities take such opportunities to engage upon the profane world, the better will it be for the performance of their function in all its aspects.

It will not be found by all readers an impressive or politic summary reply to the question at the head of this essay if one adds, thinking in particular of the problem of asserting critical standards, that, except from a university, and without support in the universities, such an enterprise as *Scrutiny* would, in our present civilization, have been impossible. Yet the point, however injudiciously made, is an extremely serious one, as all who know anything about the history of the higher journalism in the past decade, and can appreciate the significance of that history, will recognize.

. . . .

With this background of generalities to refer to, it will, we hope, be easier to take such opportunities of going further into the particular and the practical as may offer themselves. The next step, indeed, is virtually dictated: we have been so constantly and strongly urged to turn our scrutiny upon the modern universities that we propose to do so in an early number.[1] In the above attempt to present the Idea of a University in terms appropriate to the modern world, the explicit reference has been to the older universities. That one should not readily connect the modern universities with such an Idea is a datum that may receive, possibly, some elaboration.

F. R. LEAVIS.

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[1]The Editors wish to express their thanks for such relevant communications as they have already received, and their anticipatory thanks for any they may receive further.

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REVALUATIONS (V)

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

I.

THAT there is so little genuine criticism in the terrifying number of books and essays on Shakespeare's Sonnets can only be partly accounted for by the superior attractiveness of gossip. A more radical explanation is to be found in certain wide-spread, more or less unconscious assumptions. In the first place, although consciously we may not believe that the Sonnets—even the first hundred and twenty-six—form a continuous and ordered collection, we tend to assume that the collection is more homogeneous than in fact it is, and we tend, therefore, to make rather sweeping generalizations about ' The Sonnets ' as a whole.[1] A second assumption was made amusingly explicit in the words which John Benson, the publisher of the 1640 edition—who had an eye on changing taste—addressed to the Reader: ' In your perusall you shall finde them SEREN, cleere and eligantly plaine, such gentle straines as shall recreate and not perplex your braine, no intricate or cloudy stuffe to puzzell intellect, but perfect eloquence.' Many of the sonnets were written about the time of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Romeo and Juliet* ; the verse is therefore essentially unlike the verse of *King Lear*—it is incapable of subtleties ; the meaning is on the surface. No doubt this is an exaggeration, but the effects of an assumption not very dissimilar to this can be seen in such essays as keep decently clear of William Hughes, the Sea Cook, and the rest, and which attempt to approach the sonnets directly, as poetry. George Wyndham, for example, in his essay on ' The Poems of Shakespeare ' does not entirely confine himself to pointing out the more picturesque aspects of

[1]The tendency is encouraged by the fact that the sonnets are printed in a numbered sequence, without titles. And remembering the part played by verbal habit in directing thought, we may consider the effect of the mere repetition of the phrase, ' The Sonnets.'

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imagery and the melodic effect of certain lines ; but his criticism encourages the belief not only that such things have an intrinsic importance, but that visual imagery, ' the music of vowel and consonant ' and so on, have much the same function in the sonnets as they have, say, in Spenser's stanzas on the Bower of Bliss. ' Apart from all else, it is the sheer beauty of diction in Shakespeare's Sonnets which has endeared them to poets.' Maybe (though they were endeared to Keats and Coleridge for other reasons, and Spenser, we remember, is the Poets' Poet) ; but the sentence illustrates the kind of limitation that the second assumption imposes: criticism is confined to a surface approach ; it remains inappropriately and unnecessarily naïve. It is unfortunate that most readers are familiar with the Sonnets only in modern editions in which, as Laura Riding and Robert Graves pointed out, ' the perversely stupid reorganizing of lines and regrouping of ideas '— all in the interests of ' clarity '— is achieved by the simple expedient of altering the original punctuation.[1] In the Arden edition the majority of deviations of this kind are not even recorded in the textual notes. The assumption is thus imposed and perpetuated by the common text.

If we can rid ourselves of these two presuppositions we shall have gone some way towards a revaluation of the Sonnets. ' Shakespeare's Sonnets ' is a miscellaneous collection of poems, written at different times, for different purposes, and with very different degrees of poetic intensity. (Gildon's edition had the appropriate title, *Poems on Several Occasions*). The first necessity of criticism is to assess each poem independently, on its merits as poetry, and to abandon all attempts to find an ordered sequence. The second necessity is to know what kind of *development* to look for—which is a different matter.

I may as well say here that I believe all the Sonnets to be comparatively early in date—roughly from 1592 to 1597 or 1598 ; none of them is likely to have been written after the second part

[1]See their analysis of Sonnet 129 in *A Survey of Modernist Poetry*, pp. 63-81. No one need suppose that, in complaining of wanton 'emendations,' I am claiming complete infallibility for the Quarto, of which, by the way, there is an admirable facsimile edition published by Noel Douglas at 5/-.

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of *King Henry IV*.[1] We have no means of knowing how they came to be published by Thorpe in 1609 (J. M. Robertson made some attractive guesses), but the evidence suggests that the publication was unauthorized by Shakespeare, that the poems therefore had not been revised for publication, and that the arrangement adopted in the Quarto (except for the grouping of certain Sonnets which obviously go together) has no particular validity ; although the printed sequence seems to represent a rough approximation to the time order in which they were composed. The possibility that some of the Sonnets—like *A Lover's Complaint*, which was published with them—are not by Shakespeare, is not likely to be disputed on *a priori* grounds by those who are familiar with the habits of contemporary publishers and the fortunes of authors' manuscripts in the 16th and 17th centuries. (The fate of the MS. of *Astrophel and Stella* is a common instance). One can point to such things as the 17th century poetical miscellanies with their haphazard assignment of authorship ; and Cowley's Preface to the 1656 edition of his Poems begins with some interesting remarks in this connection. But since there is no room for argument of this kind I assume a high degree of authenticity.

II.

I do not of course propose to employ my slender resources in the long-standing Southampton-Pembroke controversy and its subtle ramifications ; but the popular view that the Sonnets are in some way 'autobiographical' demands some notice. The eloquent chapters in which Frank Harris melts out Shakespeare's personal history from the poetic alloy ('The Sonnets give us the story, the whole terrible, sinful, magical story of Shakespeare's passion.') are merely an exotic development of a kind of writing that is common among more eminent critics. 'No capable poet,' says Dr. Bradley, 'much less a Shakespeare, intending to produce a merely "dramatic" series of poems, would dream of inventing

[1] 'The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd' (107)—the only 'external reference' of any difficulty—is more likely to refer to the ending of the Queen's climacterical year (1596) than to her death—as Dr. G. B. Harrison has pointed out.

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a story like that of the Sonnets, or, even if he did, of treating it as they treat it.'[1] Now the first point that I wish to make against the common forms of biographical excursion (leaving aside for the moment more important considerations) is that the foundations on which they are built have not, to say the least, been the subject of any very discriminating attention. Those who are unwilling to accept the particular validity of Mr. Eliot's remark that ' the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates ; the more perfectly will the mind digest and transmute the passions which are its material,' backed though it is by the authority of Coleridge (Compare *Biographia Literaria*, XV,2), have only to turn to the Sonnets of supposedly highest biographical significance and consider them as examples of personal poetry: that is, as expressions by a powerful mind of reactions to a situation in which the man himself is deeply concerned.

Sonnets 33 to 42 are headed by Sir Israel Gollancz, ' Love's First Disillusioning,' the various sub-titles ending with ' Forgiveness.' Sonnet 42 runs:

> That thou hast her it is not all my griefe,
> And yet it may be said I lov'd her deerely,
> That she hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,
> A losse in love that touches me more neerely.

Since the obvious is sometimes necessary, we may say that if Shakespeare had suffered the experience indicated by a prose paraphrase (for some of the biographical school the Sonnets might as well have been in prose) it would have affected him very differently from *this*. The banal movement, the loose texture of the verse, the vague gestures that stand for emotion, are sufficient index that his interests are not very deeply involved. (Contrast the run and ring of the verse, even in minor sonnets, when Shakespeare is absorbed by his subject—' Devouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes . . . '). His sole interest is in the display of wit, the working out of the syllogism:

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[1] I have italicized the phrase that forces the dilemma: *either* autobiographical *or* ' merely dramatic ' and conventional.

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Loving offendors thus I will excuse yee,
Thou doost love her, because thou knowst I love her,
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approove her,

. . .

But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
Sweete flattery, then she loves but me alone.

This, I admit, is a particularly glaring example, though it has its parallels amongst the False Friend and Faithless Mistress sonnets of 'Group B' (Numbers 127-152) to which the notes commonly refer us at this point, and the complete insipidity of one 'autobiographical' sonnet is enough to cause some honest doubt. Sonnets 78 to 86, dealing with the rival poets, are superior as poetry, but here also it is plain that Shakespeare derived a good deal of pleasure from the neatness of the argument:

I grant (sweet love) thy lovely argument
Deserves the travaile of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy Poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe.

Wyndham remarked that these nine sonnets are 'playful throughout, suggesting no tragedy'—though 'playful' hardly does them justice. They are rather fine examples of an unusual mode of compliment and complaint, at once courtly and ironic. Those who picture Shakespeare as completely enthralled by his love for a particular friend or patron, and therefore deeply wounded by neglect, can hardly have noticed the tone of critical, and sometimes amused, detachment adopted towards himself ('Cleane starved for a looke'), the rival ('He of tall building and of goodly pride'), and the recipient of his verses ('You to your beautious blessings adde a curse, Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse').

Of course I do not mean to imply that Shakespeare had never felt love or friendship or exasperation, or that his personal experiences had no effect on his poetry.—One can hardly say of the Sonnets, as Johnson said of Cowley's *Mistress*, that 'the compositions are such as might have been written for penance by

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a hermit, or for hire by a philosophical rhymer who had only heard of another sex.'—I am merely insisting that those who are attracted by biographical speculation should be quite sure of what Shakespeare is doing, of the direction and quality of his interests, before they make a flat translation into terms of actual life: that is, even the biographers must be literary critics. Some of the most interesting and successful sonnets may well have had their context in a personal relationship ; but whenever we analyse their interest (further illustration at this point would involve a good deal of repetition later) we find that it lies, not in the general theme or situation, which is all that is relevant to a biographical interpretation, but in various accretions of thought and feeling, in ' those frequent witty or profound reflections, which the poet's ever active mind has deduced from, or connected with, the imagery and the incidents,' in the exploration of a mood or discrimination of emotion. If this is so, the attempt to isolate the original stimulus (which in any case *may* have been an imagined situation—' Emotions which the poet has never experienced will serve his turn as well as those familiar to him.') is not only hazardous, it is irrelevant. After all, even if Shakespeare had assured us that the Sonnets were written under the stress of a friendship broken and restored and an intrigue with Mary Fitton, the only importance they could have for us would be as poetry, as something *made out of* experience.

With this criterion of importance we can see in proper perspective a second argument—commonly offered as the only alternative to the biographical theory—that the sonnets are exercises on conventional themes, embellished with conventional ornaments. The argument has a definite place in criticism, and we should be grateful to Sir Sidney Lee for his exhaustive collection of parallels. When we read

> Not marble, nor the guilded monument,
> Of Princes shall out-live this powrefull rime

it is perhaps as well that we should know that the lines have an ancestry reaching back at least as far as Horace ; it is as well that we should be familiar with the theme of mutability and the various forms of diluted Platonism that were common when Shakespeare wrote. But a convention is a general thought, a general attitude,

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or a general mode of presentation, and a discussion of Shakespeare's Sonnets in terms of the 'typical' Elizabethan sonnet sequence tells us no more about them than an account of the Revenge Play tells us about *Hamlet*.

III.

The most profitable approach to the Sonnets is, it seems to me, to consider them in relation to the development of Shakespeare's blank verse. There are certain obvious difficulties: the Sonnets take their start from something that can, for convenience, be called the Spenserian mode, whereas the influence of Spenser on the early plays is both slighter and more indirect; and the dramatic verse naturally contains a good many elements that are not to be found in any of the sonnets. But it is only by making what may seem an unnecessarily roundabout approach—even then at the risk of over-simplification—that one can hope to shift the stress to those aspects of the sonnets that it is most profitable to explore.

No account of the development of Shakespeare's blank verse in general terms can be very satisfactory. A comparison will help to point my few necessary generalizations. Richard's lament at Pomfret is a fairly typical example of the early set speeches:

> And here have I the daintiness of ear
> To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
> But for the concord of my state and time
> Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
> I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
> For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
> My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
> Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
> Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
> Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
> Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
> Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,
> Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans
> Show minutes, times, and hours: but my time
> Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
> While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.

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The only line that could possibly be mistaken for an extract from a later play is the last, in which the concentrated bitterness (' Jack o' the clock ' has a wide range of relevant associations, and the tone introduces a significant variation in the rhythm) serves to emphasize the previous diffuseness. It is not merely that the imagery is elaborated out of all proportion to any complexity of thought or feeling, the emotion is suspended whilst the conceit is developed, as it were, in its own right. Similarly the sound and movement of the verse, the alliteration, repetition and assonance, seem to exist as objects of attention in themselves rather than as the medium of a compulsive force working from within. Such emotion as is communicated is both vague and remote.

Set beside this the well known speech of Ulysses:

> Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
> A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
> Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour'd
> As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
> As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
> Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
> Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
> In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
> For honour travels in a strait so narrow
> Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path ;
> For emulation hath a thousand sons
> That one by one pursue: if you give way,
> Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
> Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
> And leave you hindmost.

The verse of course is much more free, and the underlying speech movement gives a far greater range of rhythmic subtlety. The sound is more closely linked with—is, in fact, an intimate part of—the meaning. The imagery changes more swiftly. But these factors are only important as contributing to a major development: the main difference lies in the greater immediacy and concreteness of the verse. In reading the second passage more of the mind is involved, and it is involved in more ways. It does not contemplate a general emotion, it *lives* a particular experience. Crudely,

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the reader is not told that there is a constant need for action, he experiences a particular urgency.

This account could be substantiated in detail, but for my purpose it may be sufficient to point to a few of the means by which the reader is influenced in this way. Oblivion, at first a kind of negative presence, becomes (via ' monster ') an active, devouring force, following hard on the heels of time. (' Forgot,' balancing ' devoured,' keeps the image in a proper degree of subordination). The perseverance which keeps honour bright introduces a sense of effort, as in polishing metal, and (after a particularly effective jibe at inactivity) the effort is felt as motion. Moreover, ' Take the instant way ' and ' Keep then the path,' involving muscular tension, suggest the strain of keeping foremost. In the next two lines the roar and clatter of emulation's thousand sons are audible, and immediately we feel the pressure of pursuit (' hedge aside ' is no dead metaphor) and—in the movement of the verse, as though a dam had broken—the overwhelming tide of pursuers. The short and exhausted line, ' And leave you hindmost,' is the lull after the wave has passed.

This line of development (continued in the plays of complete maturity) is central. Primarily it is a matter of technique—the words have a higher potency, they release and control a far more complex response than in the earlier plays—but it is much more than that. The kind of immediacy that I have indicated allows the greatest subtlety in particular presentment (The thing ' which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ' is *not* the same as ' The deed which puts an end to human vicissitude '), whilst ' the quick flow and the rapid change of the images,' as Coleridge noted, require a ' perpetual activity of attention on the part of the reader,' generate, we may say, a form of activity in which thought and feeling are fused in a new mode of apprehension. That is, the technical development implies—is dependent on—the development and unification of sensibility. It is this kind of development (in advance of the dramatic verse of the same period in some respects and obviously behind it in others) that we find in the Sonnets, and which makes it imperative that discussion should start from considerations of technique.

Those aspects of technique which can to some extent be isolated as showing ' the first and most obvious excellence . . .

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the sense of musical delight ' have been well illustrated by George Wyndham, but his belief that ' Eloquent Discourse ' is ' the staple of the Sonnets and their highest excellence ' precludes the more important approach.

After 1579 the most pervasive influence on Elizabethan lyric poetry was that of Spenser. *Astrophel and Stella* may have been the immediate cause of the numerous sonnet cycles, but it was from Spenser that the sonneteers derived most of their common characteristics—the slow movement and melody, the use of imagery predominantly visual and decorative, the romantic glamour, the tendency towards a gently elegiac note. In the Spenserian mode no object is sharply forced upon the consciousness.

> Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the floure,
> Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
> That earst was sought to decke both bed and bowre,
> Of manie a Ladie, and many a Paramoure:
> Gather therefore the Rose, whilest yet is prime . . .

As music this is perfect and one is forced to admire ; but one is only mildly affected by the vision of the passage of time, and even the injunction to pluck the rose has no urgency. Now there is in Shakespeare's Sonnets a quality that, at a first reading, seems very near to this: Sonnets 98 and 102, for example, are successful as fairly direct developments of the Spenserian mode. But if we turn to Sonnet 35 we see the conjunction of that mode with something entirely new.

> No more bee greev'd at that which thou hast done,
> Roses have thornes, and silver fountaines mud,
> Cloudes and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne,
> And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
> All men make faults, and even I in this,
> Authorizing thy trespas with compare,
> My selfe corrupting salving thy amisse,
> Excusing thy sins more then thy sins are:
> For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence,
> Thy adverse party is thy Advocate,
> And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,
> Such civill war is in my love and hate,

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That I an accessary needs must be,
To that sweet theefe which sourely robs from me.

The first four lines we may say, both in movement and imagery, are typically Spenserian and straightforward. The fifth line begins by continuing the excuses, ' All men make faults,' but with an abrupt change of rhythm Shakespeare turns the generalization against himself: ' All men make faults, and even I in this,' *i.e.* in wasting my time finding romantic parallels for your sins, as though intellectual analogies (' sence ') were relevant to your sensual fault. The painful complexity of feeling (Shakespeare is at the same time tender towards the sinner and infuriated by his own tenderness) is evident in the seventh line which means both, ' I corrupt myself when I find excuses for you ' (or ' when I comfort myself in this way '), and, ' I'm afraid I myself make you worse by excusing your faults ' ; and although there is a fresh change of tone towards the end (The twelfth line is virtually a sigh as he gives up hope of resolving the conflict), the equivocal ' needs must ' and the sweet-sour opposition show the continued civil war of the emotions.

Some such comment as this was unavoidable, but it is upon the simplest and most obvious of technical devices that I wish to direct attention. In the first quatrain the play upon the letters *s* and *l* is mainly musical and decorative, but with the change of tone and direction the alliterative *s* becomes a hiss of half-impotent venom:

All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespas with compare,
My selfe corrupting salving thy amisse,
Excusing thy sins more then thy sins are:
For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence . . .

The scorn is moderated here, but it is still heard in the slightly rasping note of the last line,

To that sweet theefe which sourely robs from me.

From the fifth line, then, the alliteration is functional: by playing off against the comparative regularity of the rhythm it expresses an important part of the meaning, and helps to carry the experience alive into the mind of the reader. With Spenser or

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Tennyson in mind we should say that both alliteration and assonance were primarily musical devices, as indeed they are in many of the sonnets:

> Noe longer mourne for me when I am dead,
> Than you shall heare the surly sullen bell
> Give warning to the world that I am fled
> From this vile world with vildest wormes to dwell.

Here, for example, the sound, if not independent of the meaning, usurps a kind of attention that is incompatible with a full and sharp awareness. But that which links the sonnets, in this respect, with the later plays is the use of assonance and alliteration to secure a heightened awareness, an increase of life and power:

> Your love and pity doth the impression fill,
> Which vulgar scandall stampt upon my brow.
>
> Cheared and checkt even by the self-same skie.
>
> All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well.
>
> So shall I taste
> At first the very worst of fortune's might.
>
> And made myselfe a motley to the view.

In reading the last line the nose wrinkles in disgust, and we hear the rattle of the fool,—but I hope the reader will be inclined to look up the examples in their context (112, 15, 129, 90, and 110 respectively).

A slight shift of attention brings into focus a second aspect of development connected with the first. If we open any of the great plays almost at random we find effects comparable in kind to this, from *Lear*:

> Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
> With hor-docks, hemlocks, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
> Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
> In our sustaining corn.

The rank and bristling profusion of the weeds is there, in the clogged movement of the first two lines, whilst the unimpeded

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sweep of the verse that follows contributes powerfully to the image of never-failing fertility. In many of the sonnets we can see Shakespeare working towards this use of his medium, learning to use a subtly varied play of the speech rhythm and movement against the formal pattern of the verse:[1]

> Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
> Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd.
>
> And on just proofe surmise, accumilate.
>
> Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
> Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse . . .
>
> That it could so preposterouslie be stain'd . . .

In the steady movement of the first extract, in the slightly impeded progress of the second, in the impetuous movement of the third, and the rising incredulity of the fourth, the verse (if I may borrow the phrase) ' enacts the meaning.' Perhaps one can hardly miss this kind of effect, but a development connected with it—the use of speech movement and idiom in the sonnets to obtain a firmer command of tone (a matter of some importance in determining their meaning)—seems to have been fairly consistently overlooked. The sonnet form is a convention in which it is only too easy to adopt a special ' poetic ' attitude, and to the four ' strong promises of the strength of Shakespeare's genius ' which Coleridge found in the early poems might well be added a fifth: the way in which, in his sonnets, he broke away from the formal and incantatory mode (convention and precedent being what they were) to make the verse a more flexible and transparent medium. Sonnet 7 has a typically stylized opening:

> Loe in the Orient when the gracious light,
> Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
> Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
> Serving with lookes his sacred majesty.

---

[1] I ought to refer in this connection to F. R. Leavis' essay on Milton (*Scrutiny*, September, 1933) and the chapter on Hopkins in *New Bearings in English Poetry*. See also Professor Grierson's Introduction to *Metaphysical Poetry*, pp. xxii-xxv.

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Contrast, say, Sonnet 82:

> I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
> And therefore maiest without attaint ore-looke
> The dedicated words which writers use
> Of their faire subject, blessing every booke.

In the first line we hear the inflexion of the speaking voice, and it is the conversational movement that contributes the equivocal note of amused irony, directed towards the fulsome dedications and their—inevitably—fair subject. (Compare the ' precious phrase by all the Muses filed ' of Sonnet 85). Sometimes a similar effect is used for deliberate contrast, as in

> Thus have I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
> In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter

where after a line and a half of yearning the offhand colloquialism shows us Shakespeare detached and critical. It is of course only by exploiting speech movement that any kind of delicacy of statement is possible (Reservation is an obvious case, as in ' I found—or thought I found—you did exceed . . . '), but it is the fairly frequent use of various ironic inflexions that it seems particularly important to stress:

> He nor that affable familiar ghost
> Which nightly gulls him with intelligence . . .

> Farewell thou art too deare for my possessing,
> And like enough thou knowst thy estimate . . .

—and there are other examples more or less immediately apparent.[1]

---

[1]Of course the tone is not determined solely by the movement; often, for example, the degree of seriousness with which Shakespeare is writing is indicated by the imagery. Consider the roses of Sonnet 99 which ' fearefully on thornes did stand,' or the poet's thousand groans, ' one on anothers necke,' in Sonnet 131. The advantages of verse based on conversational movement for a comic or satiric effect are plain in Dryden; contrast his account of Shimei with Clough's ' The Latest Decalogue '—' Did wisely from expensive sins refrain ' with

> No graven images shall be
> Worshipped, except the currency.

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To be alive to modulations of this kind is to recognize—which is what one would expect—that the *intelligence* that created, say, *Troilus and Cressida*, is also at work in the sonnets.

I have already suggested that the critics who reconstruct a Shakespeare hopelessly and uncritically subjugated by a particular experience must be quite deaf to variations of tone. It is the same incapacity which causes them to read the sonnets in which the touch is lightest with portentous solemnity and to perform various feats of legerdemain with the meaning. In Sonnet 94 the irony is serious and destructive.

> They that have powre to hurt, and will doe none,
> That doe not do the thing, they most do showe,
> Who moving others, are themselves as stone,
> Unmooved, could, and to temptation slow:
> They rightly do inherit heavens graces,
> And husband natures ritches from expence,
> They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
> Others, but stewards of their excellence:
> The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,
> Though to itselfe, it onely live and die,
> But if that flowre with base infection meete,
> The basest weed out-braves his dignity:
> For sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes,
> Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

This is commonly taken with Sonnet 95 and read as an exhortation to chastity—' 'Tis a sign of greatness to be self-contained ' is Gollancz's summary, and J. Q. Adams glosses: ' The friend has fallen into a life of gross sensuality, and the poet finds it necessary to rebuke him in the strongest language.' If nothing else, ' Lillies that fester ' (an image suggesting less the excesses of sensuality than ' the distortions of ingrown virginity ') might cast some doubts on this simple interpretation. The opening is coldly analytic (I at least am unable to detect any symptoms of moral fervour), and the unprepossessing virtues of those ' who moving others, are themselves as stone ' can hardly be held up for admiration ; they remind us rather of Angelo, ' whose blood was very snow-broth.' If we remember Shakespeare's condemnation, in the early sonnets, of those who husband their riches instead of

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acting as stewards of their excellence, we shall hardly be able to mistake the second quatrain for unambiguous praise ; in any case the image suggested by ' They are the Lords and owners of their faces ' is unobtrusively comic, and the comma after ' Others ' suggests that Shakespeare is ironically repeating the opinion of the self-righteous. The sonnet may have been intentionally equivocal, but there can be little doubt of Shakespeare's attitude—it is the attitude of *Measure for Measure*—and the poem (though not altogether successful) forms an interesting complement to the more famous Sonnet 129. Perhaps I had better add that I do not regard the earlier sonnet as an encouragement to incontinence.

The vivid and surprising ' Lillies that fester ' has been commented upon as typically Shakespearean, and indeed the image (whether borrowed or not) is typical of the way in which contrasted sets of associations are fused in the verse of the later plays. But it is hardly representative of the imagery of the sonnets. In the later plays a wide range of relevant associations, both of thought and feeling (' relevant ' is clearly a matter for concrete illustration), are compressed into the single image ('The bank and shoal of time'). Images of sight, touch, muscular adjustment and so on follow in rapid succession (No catalogue of ' visual,' ' tactile,' etc., is sufficient to cover the variety), and different modes may be combined in our response at any one point. And there are those unexpected and startling juxtapositions of contrasted images:

> The *crown* o' the earth doth *melt*.
>
> This sensible warm *motion* to become
> A kneaded *clod*.

Now in the sonnets not all of these characteristic uses of imagery are developed: it is largely this which justifies us in assigning them a date earlier than *Troilus and Cressida* or *Measure for Measure*. With the exception of the striking line, ' Mine appetite I never more will grind On newer proof,' we can find no parallels to ' Lillies that fester.' Such lines as

> Gor'd mine own thoughts . . .

and

> To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding

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indicate an important line of development, but there is little of the intensely physical impact that we find in *Macbeth* ('The blanket of the dark' 'We'd jump the life to come'). Most of the images—even when finely effective—arouse only one set of vibrations in the mind:

> Full many a glorious morning have I seene,
> Flatter the mountaine tops with soveraine eie
>
> My nature is subdu'd
> To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand.

If we place 'the dust and injury of age' (108) and '. . . whose million'd accidents Creep in 'twixt vows . . .' (115) beside Macbeth's

> Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day . . .
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death

and ask ourselves exactly why 'creep' and 'dust' are used in each instance, we shall have a fair measure of the later development.

But even when we have made these qualifications the stress remains on the positive achievement; there is a clear advance on the early plays. In the sonnets no image is *merely* decorative, as in Romeo's 'Two of the fairest stars in all heaven . . .' Few are excessively developed, as in the laments of Richard II or even as in the Bastard's 'Commodity, the bias of the world . . .' There is indeed a constant succession of varied images, which, because they are concrete and because they are drawn from the world of familiar experience, give precise expression to emotion:

> Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie.
>
> Incertenties now crowne them-selves assur'de.
>
> But makes antiquitie for aye his page.
>
> And captive-good attending Captaine ill.

What it comes to is this: in the sonnets, as in the later plays, the imagery gives immediacy and precision, and it demands and fosters an alert attention. But the range of emotions liberated by any

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one image is narrower, though not always less intense. We have not yet reached the stage in which ' the *maximum* amount of apparent incongruity is resolved simultaneously.'[1] That is, the creating mind has not yet achieved that co-ordination of widely diverse (and, in the ordinary mind, often conflicting) experiences, which is expressed in the imagery no less than in the total structure of the great tragedies. Put in this way the conclusion may seem obvious, but it is a point to which I shall have to return when I deal with Shakespeare's treatment of the Time theme in the sonnets.

A complete account of technical development in the sonnets would include a detailed discussion of ambiguity—a technical device (if we may call it that) of which, since the publication of Mr. Empson's *Seven Types* and the Riding and Graves analysis of Sonnet 129, one can hardly fail to be aware ; though the word seems to have caused some unnecessary critical shyness. But the argument would raise fundamental issues with which I do not feel competent to deal, and all that I have to offer—after a very brief indication of the way in which the language of the sonnets is ' charged ' by means of overlaying meanings—is some caution.

There is a clear difference between the kind of compression that we find in ' The steepe up heavenly hill ' (7), ' The world without end houre ' (57), or ' Th'imprison'd absence of your libertie ' (58), and in such lines as ' So thou, thy selfe out-going in thy noon ' (7), or ' That I have frequent binne with unknown mindes ' (117). The first three are forms of elliptical construction requiring no unusual agility in the mind accustomed to English idiom. In the last two the context demands that we shall keep two or more meanings in mind simultaneously: ' thy selfe out-going ' means both ' over-reaching yourself ' and ' you yourself going further on ' ; ' unknown minds ' are ' strangers,' ' non-entities,' and perhaps ' such minds as I am ashamed to mention ' (the Arden edition gives precedents for all these interpretations). In the same way as two or more meanings are fused in one word, different constructions may be run together, as in

> None else to me, nor I to none alive,
> That my steel'd sence or changes right or wrong. (112)

[1]The phrase is Edgell Rickword's.

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or they may be overlaid:

My selfe corrupting salving thy amisse (35)

There can, I think, be no doubt that Shakespeare deliberately (though 'deliberately' may be too strong a word) avails himself of the resources of the language in this way; I have chosen what seem to be the most incontrovertible examples, and they are clearly in line with his later development. In Sonnet 40 and one or two others we have something very like conscious experimenting with simple forms of ambiguous statement.

Now the important point is this: that when ambiguity occurs in successful verse it is valuable in much the same way as successful imagery is valuable, as representing a heightened, more inclusive and more unified form of consciousness. One need hardly say that the mere presence of ambiguities is not necessarily an indication of poetic value—they may equally represent unresolved contradictions in the poet's mind—or that the estimate of success is a more delicate matter (concerned with the whole poetic effect) than the working-out of alternative meanings. There is no need for me to praise Mr. Empson, though I may say that he is the only critic I know of who has detected the equivocal attitude which Shakespeare sometimes expresses towards his subject, and that some of his analyses (of Sonnet 58, for example) seem to me immediately convincing. But in perhaps the majority of cases (I am confining my attention entirely to the pages he devotes to the Sonnets[1]) his lists of meanings seem to me to be obtained by focussing upon a part of the poem (almost one might say by forgetting the poem) and considering the various grammatical possibilities of the part so isolated. His analysis of Sonnet 83, for example (pp. 168-175), is valuable as suggesting the conscious and subliminal meanings that may well have been in Shakespeare's mind at the time of writing, but only a few of them are there, in the poem. It is very unfair to make this charge without substantiating it in detail, but to do so would add many pages to the already excessive length of this essay; I can only hope that the reader will look up the analysis for himself,—and my account of Sonnet 123, below, is relevant here. Mr. Eliot has

[1] *Seven Types of Ambiguity*, pp. 65-73 and pp. 168-175.

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remarked that the sonnets are ' full of some stuff that the writer could not drag to light, contemplate, or manipulate into art.'[1] The sentence might be taken by the biographers to refer to an especially painful personal experience lying behind the sonnets. But it suggests more profitable speculation if we interpret it that Shakespeare had not yet fully mastered the technique of complex expression.

IV.

These imperfect considerations of technique will perhaps have been sufficient to establish the main point, that in the sonnets Shakespeare is (within the limitations of the sonnet form) working towards the maturity of expression of the great plays. But having said this we need to remind ourselves of two things. (The prevailing conception of technique as having something to do with the place of the caesura and hypermetric feet may justify the repetition.) The first is that the kind of technical development that we have been discussing is in itself an attempt to become more fully conscious (just as Spenser's technique is a method of exclusion), an attempt to secure more delicate discrimination and adjustment. The second is that technique does not function in a vacuum, it can only develop as the servant of an inner impulse. I shall conclude this essay by pointing to (I have no space for more than that) one or two of the major interests that lie behind the sonnets.

I have already said that I do not think ' The Sonnets ' in any sense an ordered collection ; they vary from the most trivial of occasional verses to poems in which a whole range of important emotions is involved, and in the latter we find in embryo many of the themes of the later plays ; there is variety enough to make discussion difficult. But it seems to me that two interests predominate, making themselves felt, often, beneath the ostensible subject: they cannot be altogether disentangled from each other or from other interests, and they are not quite the same in kind ; but the artificial grouping seems unavoidable. One is the exploration, discrimination and judgment of modes of being—

[1] *The Sacred Wood*, p. 100.

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attention consciously directed towards the kind of integration of personality that is implied by the development of technique. The second is an overwhelming concern with Time.

The first of these is not only expressed directly. Sonnet 30 is one of the sonnets concerned with ' Friendship in Absence ' :

> When to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,
> I summon up remembrance of things past,
> I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
> And with old woes new waile my deare times waste ;
> Then can I drowne an eye (un-us'd to flow)
> For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
> And weepe afresh loves long since canceld woe,
> And mone th' expence of many a vannisht sight.
>
> . . .
>
> But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
> All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

The sonnet seems to be an early one, but even here beneath the main current of elegiac emotion (The tribute to friendship is gracefully conventional) there is a counter current of irony directed by the poet towards himself. In the eighth line Shakespeare is conscious that the present moan, like the sighs [sights] previously expended, involves a fresh expense (' Every sigh shortens life '), so that the line means, ' I waste my time and energy regretting the time and energy wasted in regrets ' ; and the slight over-emphasis of the third quatrain adds to the irony. In other words Shakespeare is aware of what he is doing (after all, ' sessions ' implies judgment), and therefore achieves a more stable equilibrium. This is a minor example, but the implicit self-criticism is pervasive (Compare the previous sonnet: ' Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising ') ; and—although the poem quoted is far enough from anything by Donne or Marvell—the constant reference of the immediate emotion to a mature scale of values reminds us that Shakespeare—Nature's Darling—is not far removed from the Tradition of Wit.

In many of the sonnets ostensibly concerned with a personal relationship we find there is something of far greater interest to

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Shakespeare than the compliments, complaints and pleas that provide the occasion of writing. Sonnet 110 is in the form of a plea for the restoration of friendship:

> Alas 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
> And made my selfe a motley to the view,
> Gor'd mine owne thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
> Made old offences of affections new.
> Most true it is, that I have lookt on truth
> Asconce and strangely: But by all above,
> These blenches gave my heart an other youth,
> And worse essaies prov'd thee my best of love,
> Now all is done, have what shall have no end,
> Mine appetite I never more will grin'de
> On newer proofe, to trie an older friend,
> A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
> Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
> Even to thy pure and most most loving brest.

There can be no doubt that here the most powerful lines are those recording self-disgust,[1] and that there is a drop in intensity when Shakespeare turns to address the friend directly, as in the final couplet. The sonnet is important as a direct approach to sincerity—it records the examination and integration of character. Indeed in many of the sonnets in which the friend is given something more than perfunctory recognition it is hard to resist the conclusion that Shakespeare is addressing his own conscience.

> You are my All the world, and I must strive,
> To know my shames and praises from your tounge,
> None else to me, nor I to none alive,
> That my steel'd sence or changes right or wrong,
> In so profound Abisme I throw all care
> Of others voyces, that my Adders sence,
> To cryttick and to flatterer stopped are . . .

—' Like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear ; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.' The reference is important ; in the sonnets Shakespeare is working out

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a morality based on his own finest perceptions and deepest impulses.[2] Sonnet 121 is explicit:

> Tis better to vile then vile esteemed,
> When not to be, receives reproach of being,
> And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
> Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
> For why should others false adulterat eyes
> Give salutation to my sportive blood?
> Or on my frailties why are frailer spies ;
> Which in their wils count bad what I think good?
> Noe, I am that I am, and they that levell
> At my abuses, reckon up their owne,
> I may be straight though they them-selves be bevel
> By their rancke thoughtes, my deedes must not be shown
> Unlesse this generall evill they maintaine,
> All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

This has caused a good deal of perplexity and I offer no apology for giving my own interpretation: 'As things are, it is more expedient to be really vile than vile in the opinion of the world, since not to be so is no safeguard against the reproach of vileness ['Reproach of being' also suggests: 'I am reproached for being what I am.'], and just pleasure has to be forfeited not because I feel it as wrong but because it appears wrong in the sight of others.' The next two lines are straightforward—'give salutation' means 'have effect on'—then: 'Why should my (real or apparent) frailties be judged by those who have a greater share of human imperfections, particularly since the scheme of morality

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[1]To take the first three lines as referring merely to the profession of actor and playwright is too narrow an interpretation ; the reference seems to be to the way in which a sensitive intelligence has displayed its wares of wit and observation in common intercourse.

[2]'But we have to know ourselves pretty thoroughly before we can break the automatism of ideals and conventions . . . Only through fine delicate knowledge can we recognize and release our impulses.' —*Fantasia of the Unconscious*, p. 60.

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imposed by their wills (or by convention) is opposed to mine? I am myself, not to be judged by them, and the way in which they condemn my offences provides a measure of their own deviations. [Also, ' Those that count my sins, let them reckon up their own!'] I may be following a right line of development, even if they are not, and my deeds are not to be judged by their rank thoughts [' They themselves are " bevelled " by their rank thoughts ']—unless of course they think that human nature is fundamentally bad.' I have ignored various secondary meanings in order to make the main sense explicit. The sonnet is a protest against the rigidly imposed moral scheme that the majority see fit to accept, a protest on behalf of a morality based on the nature of the writer. But that morality can only be discussed in terms that the poetry supplies.

An essay might well be written on the Time theme in Shakespeare. Starting from an examination of *King Henry IV*, *Troilus and Cressida* and the Sonnets, it would illuminate some important aspects of Shakespeare's genius and of the Elizabethan mind. But before discussing Shakespeare's handling of this theme some distinctions must be made.

In the sonnets Shakespeare's interest in the passage of time and the allied themes of death and mutability is sufficiently obvious. Not only does it provide the main theme of many of the more important sonnets, it continually encroaches on other interests and overshadows them. And there is a clear difference in intensity, tone and treatment between Shakespeare's ' Time ' sonnets and other Elizabethan poems dealing with ' Time's thievish progress to eternity ' ; between

> When I consider everything that growes
> Holds in perfection but a little moment (15)

or

> Like as the waves make towards the pibled shore . . . (60)

and such typically Elizabethan things as

> In time the strong and stately turrets fall,
> In time the rose and silver lilies die,
> In time the monarchs captive are, and thrall,
> In time the sea and rivers are made dry

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or

> Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
> Short is the glory of the blushing rose

or anything to be found in Spenser's Mutability Cantos.

Now ' the problem of Time ' is a metaphysical problem, and in various forms it is a preoccupation of many of the Metaphysical Poets. Moreover between Shakespeare's mature verse and Donne's there are similarities which it is important to recognize—the immediacy, the images generating intense mental activity (' the intellect at the tip of the senses '), the exploiting of speech rhythm and idiom, and so on: a good deal of Mr. Eliot's account of Metaphysical Poetry applies equally—as he points out—to the blank verse of Shakespeare and other late Elizabethans. This being so, it is all the more important to stress that in the sonnets ' the problem of Time ' is not a metaphysical problem at all,—and the discussion of Platonic Forms and Ideal Beauty is irrelevant. Wherever we look Shakespeare is concerned merely with the *effects* of time on animate and inanimate beings, on persons and personal relationships. As a poet, he reports and evaluates experiences, but he does not attempt to *explain* them, nor do they arouse speculation in his mind. So, too, the plays explain nothing ; they are experiences to be lived. Indeed if Time had presented itself to Shakespeare as a metaphysical problem it could not have been dealt with in the verse of the sonnets. Mr. James Smith has made a necessary distinction.[1] He points out that ' verse properly called metaphysical is that to which the impulse is given by an overwhelming concern with metaphysical problems ; with problems either deriving from, or closely resembling in the nature of their difficulty, the problem of the Many and the One,' and that in Metaphysical Poetry it is the conflict arising out of the perception of such problems that is resolved by means of the metaphysical conceit, in which there is both unity and ' high strain or tension, due to the sharpness with which its elements are opposed.' Shakespeare's imagery in the sonnets, as I have pointed out, rarely involves a high degree of tension ; and when, in the later plays, we find images which not only possess richness of association but embrace conflicting elements, those elements are

[1] ' The Metaphysical Note in Poetry ' in *Determinations*.

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invariably drawn from experience and sensation, never from speculative thought: they make finer experience available for others, but they offer no resolution of metaphysical problems. The Shakespearean pathos is stoical and pagan.

The temptation to look for the development of a metaphysical mode in the sonnets is not perhaps very common. A second temptation has not proved so easy to resist, and most accounts of the sonnets point to certain of them as showing 'Love's Triumph over Time,' without bothering to explain what this may mean. Certainly, if we isolate those sonnets in which a reaction to the passage of time and the inevitablity of death provides the main emotional drive it is permissible to look for a coherently developing attitude culminating in a solution which shall be at least emotionally satisfying. There is an obvious advance in maturity, an increasing delicacy in exposition, but unless we are prepared to accept assertion as poetry (that is, bare statement deliberately willed, instead of the communication in all its depth, fulness and complexity, of an experience that has been lived) we shall not find that solution in the sonnets. An example may make my meaning clearer. Sonnet 123 is commonly taken to show that 'Love conquers Time':

> No! Time, thou shalt not bost that I doe change,
> Thy pyramyds buylt up with newer might
> To me are nothing novell, nothing strange,
> They are but dressings of a former sight:
> Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire,
> What thou dost foyst upon us that is ould,
> And rather make them borne to our desire,
> Then thinke that we before have heard them tould:
> Thy registers and thee I both defie,
> Not wondring at the present, nor the past,
> For thy records, and what we see doth lye,
> Made more or les by thy continuall hast:
> This I doe vow and this shall ever be,
> I will be true dispight thy syeth and thee.

It is upon the ambiguity of the first two quatrains that I wish to direct attention. *Sense 1*: 'Time cannot make his boast that

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I change with his passage. The admired wonders of modern architecture are not novelties to me (since my conscious self is, in a sense, outside time) ; I have seen them all before, and I know that the modern examples are only variations on the old. Man's life is short ; therefore he tends to wonder at things foisted upon him by Time as novelties, which are really old, preferring to believe them newly created for his satisfaction [born to our desire] than to see them truly as repetitions of the old.' *Sense 2* (Wyndham's interpretation): ' Time cannot boast that I change. The pyramids—built with a skill that was new compared with my age-old self [with newer might to me]—were, I saw, no novelties even in ancient Egypt, but merely dressings of a former sight. Man's life is short ; therefore he tends to wonder at the antiquities foisted upon him by Time, preferring to accept as absolute the limitations imposed by birth and death [to make them (dates) the bourn to his desire] than to think that the years of his life have been counted [told] before.' A rough paraphrase of the last six lines is: ' I refuse to accept as ultimate truth either history (recording that time has passed) or the present passage of time ; neither novelty nor antiquity move me ; the evidence of universal change given by history and the present time is false: only in appearance are past and present governed by time. I vow that I will be myself (and—perhaps—true to some person) in spite of death and time.'

The purpose of the sonnet is clear: to affirm the continuous identity of the self in spite of the passage of time. But, though a remarkable achievement, its failure is indicated by the unresolved ambiguity. That *Sense 1* is intended seems clear from line 10—' Not wondering *at the present*, nor the past '—as well as from the Elizabethan use of the word ' pyramids ' ; and even if we do away with the maladroit pun on ' borne ' by interpreting it as ' bourn ' in *Sense 1* as well as in *Sense 2* (and I find it impossible to exclude the meaning ' born to our desire ') we are left with ' that is old ' fitting awkwardly into the first interpretation. Moreover—and perhaps it is more important to notice this than the conflicting meanings which somehow refuse to resolve themselves into unity—the poem *asserts* rather than expresses a resolved state of mind: ' Thou shalt not boast,' ' I defy,' ' This I do vow,' ' I will be true.'

In the manner of its assertion the sonnet is in line with the more famous Sonnet 116 (' Love's not time's fool ')—

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a poem of which the difficulties have never, I think, been squarely faced—and with those sonnets promising some form of immortality. And, we may remark in conclusion, in all the sonnets of this last type, it is the contemplation of change, not the boasting and defiance, that produces the finest poetry ; they draw their value entirely from the evocation of that which is said to be defied or triumphed over. In the plays—from *Henry IV* to *The Tempest*—in which the theme of Time occurs, there is no defiance ; the conflict is resolved by the more or less explicit acceptance of mutability. I should like to give this remark precision in terms of literary criticism by examining the second part of *King Henry IV*, a play of which the prelude is spoken by the dying Hotspur:

> But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool . . .

But perhaps enough has been said to show that, in this respect as in all others, the sonnets yield their proper significance only when seen in the context of Shakespeare's development as a dramatist.

L. C. KNIGHTS.

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HISTORY IN THE CLASSROOM

IT is doubtful if any subject causes as much mental indigestion as the history commonly taught in secondary schools. We must face the fact at the outset that nine-tenths of our history syllabuses are beyond the mental grasp of our pupils, and this necessarily leads to increasing dullness in lessons, reliance upon cram, and a futile waste of time for both teacher and pupils. No subject is more in need of drastic revision in accordance with a general educational aim. Wherever possible, and at all costs, we must scrap (or if this is impossible, compress) the mere lumber of our syllabuses, the useful facts to be learned by rote because they are unintelligible to the child. It is no argument that these are things which every educated person ought to know. School careers are too short for pupils to spend their time learning conversational tit-bits, and anyhow most of this knowledge vanishes the night after the examination. In place of this dead matter, we must discover living interests to be followed up, trespass beyond the borders of our subject, bring in sociology, economics, civics. what you will, so long as we concentrate our aims on the production of critical, alert adults. We cannot limit ourselves to the aim of training for citizenship, for as W. H. Auden once wrote in *Scrutiny*, ' What on earth is a useful citizen just now?'

It is no easy task to introduce reality into the history classroom. We need hardly mention the obstacles put in the way by some headmasters and inspectors, and the effect of examinations. For a year or a year and a half before School Certificate one's style is badly cramped, and the pupils themselves resent any attempt to get away from those too, too solid facts which are so dear to

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examiners. Apart altogether from these difficulties, the training of the teacher of history, in these days usually a course in an honours school, makes it very difficult to drop the arid ' subject ' outlook. The first essential is to realize that one is teaching children rather than history. It is the first desire of many new teachers to prepare a syllabus which shall be a vast continuum full of indigestible matter. Something may be done when we realize that a conspectus of the growth of civilization is either ridiculously beyond the secondary school pupil (especially as the foundations have to be laid at the age of eleven!) or else becomes so trite and empty a formula as to be utterly pernicious.

Some years ago it was the dreary sequence of English political history which formed the staple of school teaching—see Tout's school text-books for the authentic facts carefully set out. This form of syllabus still persists in many secondary schools. It had the advantage that it was a sequence, could be simplified into a drama by a lively teacher, instilled sound patriotism and no nonsense about the foreigner (if you were a Tory) or if Gladstonian Liberalism were your creed, gave you a splendid theme, the broadening down of English liberties from precedent to precedent. Of course it wasn't history, and it ' left out most of the interesting things,' as I once heard Elliot Smith complain.

Progressive schools have now abandoned this for an attempt to teach European history or even world history as a whole. What I want to question is not this broadening of interest, but this attempt at a completeness which must necessarily be arid and empty of truth. Too often it becomes a mere formula of progress. Butterfield's *Whig Interpretation of History* offers salutary criticism of these misguided efforts:

> ' All history tends to become more whig in proportion as it becomes more abridged.' (p. 7).

> ' Because it can be condensed there is nothing that cannot be made to seem simple, and chaos acquires form by virtue of what we choose to omit.' (p. 97).

> ' The value of history lies in the richness of its recovery of the concrete life of the past.' (p. 68).

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One cannot hope the recover the past in any measure unless the pupil has the keys to its interpretation.

Supposing that we have got rid of most of the lumber-piles of useless information, what are we to teach in our history lessons? Our need is for aims and principles to govern the selection of material. The first essential is to cultivate a genuine respect for the life of the past, not treated summarily as a continuous progress towards the present, but recognized as different from the present, with values and standards which sometimes yielded a more satisfactory life than those of to-day. Without the realization of this, a superficial study of history can only increase that cocksureness and complacency which the man in the street shares with Macaulay. History teaching that does not breed sympathy with the past, and a critical approach to the institutions and standards of the present day, can serve no useful purpose.

The second aim, closely related to the first, should be to overcome the insular outlook which is characteristic of the lordly Englishman. Just as we must create genuine sympathy for the past, so too we must arouse sympathy for foreign peoples, a respect for their contribution to the common stock of civilization, a realization that their culture is in some ways finer than our own. We must extend this sympathy to non-European peoples and civilizations. There is no need to stress here the need for collaboration between the teachers of history and geography ; but this task cannot be left to the geography teacher alone.

The third aim of the teacher of history, which many people put first, must be to prepare his pupils to think intelligently about the major problems which will confront him as a citizen. He must create a clear conception of the state, make clear the workings of our political institutions, equip his pupils to form sound judgments on political problems.

Let us consider how these aims are to be attained. The secondary school course may be divided into three main periods of historical study: the first stage, to the age of fourteen, we may call the pre-critical ; in the second, in his fourteenth and fifteenth years, the child is becoming capable of critical thought, and it is at this stage that every effort must be made to awaken these powers—if this is called the critical stage, it will be doubly true ; of the third stage, from sixteen onwards, when the pupil may be

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treated as an adult intelligence, requiring only direction to the right sources and stimulation by discussion, little need be said here, for it is only a select few in our secondary schools who have this opportunity, and the methods to be followed will suggest themselves to any teacher who adopts the point of view here recommended.

At the pre-critical stage history lessons are still essentially story-telling. The teacher's first requisites are a simple lucid style and an infectious enthusiasm for his subject. Every aid to vivid presentation must be used if the life of the past is to be richly and concretely presented to children. Here one may emphasize the importance of carefully prepared visits to local places of historical interest and museums. How many teachers of history have yet grasped the fact that more may be learned about the Middle Ages from a visit to a good parish church than from a series of lessons on Magna Carta? Then every school needs an epidiascope (and some day, when an adequate supply of films is available, a film projector will be wanted too). Without the proper apparatus an effective use of illustrations in class-work is impossible. A history room, suitably provided with books and illustrative material, is the proper setting for history lessons, and far too few schools possess one.

A great variety of good syllabuses for the pre-critical stage may be imagined, but there are certain essentials if the aims laid down are to be attained. First, the importance of social history must be stressed. It is the background of everyday fact which gives concreteness to historical studies, and gives to the child in some measure the power of re-creating the past. (The well-illustrated Quennell books on everyday things will be found very useful here). Children are always interested in the ordinary people of past times, and social facts stimulate their imaginations and emotions, whereas most political facts can only be made to do so by dramatic distortion or an appeal to jingo patriotism.

It follows obviously from the previous arguments that it is better to study a few topics thoroughly rather than to cover a huge area superficially, although, as always in history teaching, connecting links must be provided. These topics should be so chosen as to lay foundations for the later critical work. A study of Athenian life gives us a jumping-off point for a later criticism of

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the vandalism, indifference to beauty and excessive greed of our own age. One of the special advantages of including this subject is that it inculcates civic feeling and begins to create the idea of the state in the mind of the child. Zimmern's *Greek Commonwealth* is invaluable for the teacher of this topic to junior forms. Mediæval studies introduce the pupil to another social environment very different from our own. Studies of the feudal village, monastic life, mediæval architecture, craft gilds and mediæval town life, can be made good use of later on in the approach to modern problems, and they have a natural fascination for children of eleven or twelve. Another aspect of history which makes an irresistible appeal at this stage is the geographical, the study of exploration and colonization, and it links up naturally with the humanized geography now taught in up-to-date schools. Here much practical work can be done, and every history teacher knows the importance and the difficulty of giving scope for pupils' activities. As an example of the value of this work, take for instance the opportunity offered by a study of Marco Polo's travels for enlarging the outlook on civilization ; his astonishing discovery of a much higher civilization in China is a most salutary lesson. The opening up of the world to European enterprise should be studied in such a way that the seamy side as well as the heroic is properly presented ; this is a jumping-off point for a later criticism of modern empires and the clashes that inevitably result from imperialism, and should lead to sympathy for primitive cultures. These are a few suggestions for topics to be included. There is a deplorable shortage of good text-books. The abbreviated version of Breasted's *Ancient Times* and Nelson's *House of History* series may be mentioned as competently produced books which are interesting and provoke thought. But it ought to be one of the tasks of our generation to provide intelligently written books for children, books that will show a respect for their intelligence and spirit of enquiry and an insight into their needs and interests.

When we come to the critical stage in the school course, with pupils of fourteen and fifteen, the examination is already casting its shadow over the classroom. But time must be spared from fact-cramming or the cause of education is lost. Fortunately the facts required by examiners are so difficult to digest that often the intelligently taught pupil, with far fewer memorized facts but a

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better training in thinking, will often prove the better examinee ; not that this justifies the system, but it may encourage the teacher who is afraid to leave the routine grind at this stage.

It is here that we must attack our main problems, social and political, very resolutely. The social problems centre round the study of the industrial revolution and its effects, which is the most important of all possible school studies in history. The English village in the 18th century, the enclosure movement, the factory system, the industrial town: through the study of these we must bring children face to face with the major social problems of our own day, mass production, leisure and its use, and urban civilization in all its aspects. Comparisons and contrasts with the earlier types of social life already studied will enforce the desired lessons. Now the attention may be concentrated on the contemporary situation, and practical work can take the form of seeking out evidence. I have found *The Face of the Land* and other publications of the Design and Industries Association very helpful in giving zest to the lessons and point to discussions. Formal debates may be useful when differing opinions emerge in the class. Sturt's books, *Men and Machines*, and other books now very familiar to the present reader are not out of place in the history room, and may be the subjects of individual studies. For the historical material of this subject, the books of J. L. and Barbara Hammond are indispensable to the teacher.

The treatment of modern political problems should be firmly based on present-day interests and needs, for the ordinary man is confronted with so many immediately pressing world-wide problems that our time will be fully taken up in preparing him to face them. We must begin by making as clear as we can the political environment of our own day, and here dramatic methods give the best introduction. A classroom Election and a class House of Commons and Cabinet, the discussing of a bill, and so on, stimulate a lively interest in current affairs. Children read the political and foreign news in their home newspapers for the first time, and the resulting discussions bring out the unreliability of the popular press and the motives behind a great deal of ' news.' The comparison of rival accounts of the same events cultivates critical powers. One or two form-room newspapers, run in connection with this dramatization of politics, bring in other interests

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and raise new discussions. Definite lessons may be given on current events without involving the teacher in partisan controversy ; as a rule his time is taken up in the exposition of the agreed facts, about which popular ignorance is appalling. After this introduction past politics take on a new meaning, and even School Certificate candidates may be induced to approach the study of them intelligently.

Such a course as this in civics and current events raises so many problems in international relations that it leads naturally to realistic discussion of war and disarmament, nationalism, Fascism, Communism, and so forth. Foreign newspapers may be introduced, especially if language teachers are prepared to co-operate. Then one may embark on the course of modern European history with more hope of keeping near reality. I am disillusioned about the value of this subject as it is usually taught, and this is mainly the fault of the School Certificate examiners, who lay too much emphasis on knowledge of political and diplomatic detail, and tend to ignore the social and economic development of the European peoples. To meet their requirements the subject is treated in too abstract a manner, the nations are regarded as pieces making moves (often totally incomprehensible) on the European chessboard, and the living reality is lost. Pressure is needed to induce the examining bodies to alter the bias of their questioning ; here as everywhere, what we need is a greater stressing of social and economic facts.

At this stage it is a good plan to give out a variety of topics for home preparation, rather than one stereotyped subject for a class. The work is more thoroughly done, becomes far more interesting to the pupil, and often sends him to real books for his information. A good school library is of course a vital necessity, and it should be stocked with as many short and simple books as possible, rather than Cambridge Modern Histories and other show pieces. In a big town the public library is likely to be even more important ; our work will not have been entirely in vain if we induce our pupils to form the habit of going to the library regularly for serious books, and make them acquainted with the classification and indexing of the books. It is well worth while to visit the library at times in order to give advice in its use to pupils preparing special topics.

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This roughly-sketched series of suggestions on the teaching of history is put forward, not dogmatically, but in the hope that it may provoke some interesting experimental work. What is primarily needed at the moment is a healthy discontent with present methods, an attack on complacency, and a period of vigorous experimentation such as that which has in recent years revolutionized the teaching of geography. The new approach will be the product of the co-operative efforts of history teachers who refuse to countenance humbug in the classroom.

W. E. BROWN.

ADVERTISING AND ECONOMIC WASTE

CONSIDERABLE attention has recently been paid to the cultural effects of advertising, and readers of *Scrutiny* are probably aware by now that it mars the beauty of the countryside and encourages by its example unsound reasoning and a slovenly prose style. In the best detective stories we are advised to study the results of the crime in the hope of deducing possible motives for its commission, and from them the identity of the criminal. This procedure seems logical enough. But the more we consider those effects of advertising which I have just outlined the less likely we shall be to understand why advertising exists. No one consciously wants to encourage a slovenly prose style. To discover why men advertise we must look elsewhere. Perhaps the Marxist approach will prove profitable, and we shall find in its economic aspects the clues we seek.

The first point to make is that advertising is a considerable industry. It is not easy to come by accurate figures either on the money spent on advertising or the numbers employed in it ; but for the United Kingdom £80,000,000 annually for the first, and 100,000 workers for the second, may be regarded as conservative estimates. The second figure is derived from the first, and on it the

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cost works out at £800 per man employed, which may seem rather too high. But it must be remembered that the industry employs an unusually large proportion of salaried workers, and that its offices (which include all newspaper plants) are to be found in the centres of large towns and cities, where rents will be high. And in any case it is the first figure which significantly represents the proportion of the nation's resources which, if they were not devoted to advertising, might be set to serve some useful purpose.

An industry which employs more men than either chemicals or electrical engineering has a clear claim to be considered important, and advertising also possesses a unique theoretical interest ; for it is the only industry which spends its resources not for the satisfaction of the desires of the consumer but for the influencing of his choice. Yet economists have neglected it. The index to the *Principles*[1] contains only one reference, and on turning it up we discover Marshall perplexed over the difficulty of imputing cost correctly where a retail store sells one line of goods very cheaply in order to attract customers and so increase the demand for the rest of its wares. *The Economics of Imperfect Competition*,[2] in spite of its promising title, is little better ; the index gives four references, but Mrs. Robinson might perhaps agree that her general attitude is correctly summarized by this quotation ' Complications are introduced into the problem of the individual demand curve by the existence of advertising, but these have been ignored.'[3] Strangest of all is the excellent and detailed, though somewhat ponderous, study of *Economic Tendencies in the United States*[4] by Dr. Mills of Columbia University, published by the National Bureau of Economic Research ; there is no reference to advertising in the index of this book. It is pleasant to record *The Economics of Welfare*[5] as an exception ; it gives over three pages to what, as far as it goes, is a sound and helpful discussion

[1]Marshall, *Principles of Economics*, Macmillan, 8th Ed., 1920.

[2]Joan Robinson, *Economics of Imperfect Competition*, Macmillan, 1933.

[3]*ibid.* p. 21.

[4]Mills, *Economic Tendencies in the United States*, National Bureau of Economic Research, 1932.

[5]Pigou, *The Economics of Welfare*, Macmillan, 3rd Ed., 1929.

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of the effects of advertising. But one glance in passing, even though it be from Professor Pigou, is not enough.

Why has advertising been so neglected by economists? It is not necessary to accuse them of disingenuous it-slipped-my-mindedness inspired by capitalistic guile. The explanation is much simpler, and is implicit in the quotation above from Mrs. Robinson. Economists are accustomed to elucidate the forces which determine the price of a commodity by drawing two curves ; one, which plots the quantity which will be bought at any given price, to represent demand, and the other, which plots the cost of producing any given quantity, to represent supply. These curves are assumed to be independent of one another and also to be independent of the similar curves for other producers. But if advertising is taken into consideration, it is clear both that the demand for a producer's output will depend partly upon the level of his expenditure on advertising, and also that the amount which it will be most profitable for him to spend will not be independent of the outlay of his competitors. Thus the theory of value would become refractory to the technique with which the economist has been in the habit of attacking it. And till such time as his technique shall have become more elaborate and sophisticated, what is difficult will be ignored.

I do not pretend to have tackled these technical difficulties. My own approach is essentially simple-minded, and it is more by a change of emphasis than by any presentation of new ideas that I hope to establish a strong presumption that much advertising, even from a strictly economic viewpoint, is certainly wasteful and probably pernicious.

A fruitful start can be made by considering what sort of goods are most advertised. Farmer Cross does not advertise his wheat, nor United Sua Betong their rubber. This is only natural, for when a commodity is homogeneous or can be graded, it does not pay the purchaser to buy from one producer rather than another. There is likely to be a wide market in which the producer can sell any output which he may consider profitable at the ruling price. Most raw materials come in this category. Consider next the later stages of production, and the intermediate goods and machines which account for so much of the manufacturer's outlay. Here the commodity may not be homogeneous, and there will be scope for advertising to persuade the customer that the machines

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turned out by one firm are cheaper or more reliable than those of its rivals. But it is limited by the fact that the buyer is likely to be an expert in assessing the relative values of the goods which are offered to him, and we may admit that advertising in this field serves a useful purpose. Trade journals probably do inform their readers of the latest inventions, and of the seller who can supply them most exactly with what they need.

Books come in logically as a link between this category and the next. They are the least homogeneous of all commodities, and that is a good reason why they should be advertised ; while the consumer probably judges shrewdly enough which books he will enjoy, so that the advertising is more likely to inform than to mislead. I do not wish to imply that his tastes are in any way admirable, if viewed from the standpoint of literary criticism. I simply suggest that he gets what he wants, and it is probably unreasonable to require that every man shall share one's own literary enthusiasms.

Contrast with this medicines, breakfast foods, motor-cars, or cosmetics—to mention a few other well-advertised lines. There is far less agreement on the qualities which a good book must possess than on those required of a good medicine or a good car, and therefore more legitimate scope for the vagaries of individual taste. The reason why advertising is profitable in these other industries is that buyers are ignorant, and unable by examination or even consumption to discover whether they are being offered the commodity most likely to satisfy their wants. There is thus no very close connection between the quality of an article and what the public believes its quality to be (as we saw above, where the connection is close the scope for advertising will be limited, for it will pay the producer better to lower his price) ; sales, however, depend on the beliefs of the public, and there is therefore an incentive to the entrepreneur to bamboozle them into buying rather than to improve the quality of his wares.

Some economists, especially perhaps at the London School of Economics, would contend that the correct remedy is to make the market more perfect by making the consumer more nearly omniscient—that in an ideal state every man could by brief examination of a motor-car assess its merit, know by its feel the quality of a woollen pullover, and by its taste or smell the curative proper-

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ties of any patent medicine. But this is a vain hope ; even if such wide knowledge in an individual were desirable, it is impossible. With technological progress and the advance of science comes increasing specialization ; and we must expect that in the future we shall become ever better versed in one branch of knowledge and ever more ignorant of all others. The important thing is not that consumers should be able to distinguish immediately between a palatable mouthwash and an efficient germicide, but that no one should have any incentive to palm the mouthwash off on those who need or wish to buy the efficient germicide.

The effects of advertising on business merit examination. It is probable that within an industry any redistribution of custom between individual firms due to advertising will be for the worse ; for firms of low productive efficiency will have the greater incentive to resort to advertising in order to distract critical attention from the quality of their goods. This argument, however, should not be pressed too hard, as it is possible that among entrepreneurs there is a slight positive correlation between productive efficiency and efficiency in advertising. But the most startling thing about competitive advertising within an industry is its futility. We may admit that no firm can afford to let its advertising fall below that of its competitors, on pain of bankruptcy ; but any total expenditure on advertising in the industry can be so distributed among the firms as to be compatible with equilibrium, and whatever the total expenditure the distribution of custom between individual firms is likely to be much the same. But the larger the total the higher will be the cost of the commodity, and the greater the number of men engaged in useless labour.

A similar argument can be used to throw light on inter-industrial advertising of the ' Reach for a Lucky instead of a Sweet ' type. But here we shall find some redistribution of demand in favour of those industries whose products lend themselves to advertising ; and the change is likely to be for the worse since, as we saw above, the quality of the product of non-advertising industries tends to be more reliable. Then advertising as a whole, in spite of insurance companies and temperance societies, tends to diminish the proportion of its income which the public saves ; and if it be true, as is widely believed, that the public is apt to save a larger proportion of its income than would be consistent

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with full employment of the means of production, this must be considered a point in its favour. But it is hard to believe that conscious control could not devise a more accurate and less haphazard method of regulating the volume of saving.

Before we very briefly consider possible remedies, it may be worth while to summarize the conclusions at which we have so far arrived. We have established the principle that where the buyer is expert, advertising is more likely to inform than to mislead ; and that we should therefore consider beneficial the advertising of books and of intermediate or producers' goods. [We should perhaps also have considered the argument that advertising may serve to develop in the consumer an entirely new set of wants ; which can be satisfied by the advertised commodity and whose satisfaction will enable him to lead a better life. This sometimes has validity ; but it is too often used to justify putting the cart before the horse, glorifying consumption for the sake of production, and intensifying the whims of fashion]. But we saw also that most advertising of consumers' goods is not of this kind, but is founded on the ignorance of the purchaser ; that the arguments by which it assaults his judgment appeal to his instincts as readily as to his reason, and may more easily advance the sales of a shoddy than of a reliable article. Where this advertising was not a sheer waste of the resources employed in it, we found cause to believe that it was actively harmful.

What are the chances of reform? It could be attempted on either of two fronts. We could make it illegal for business men to advertise ' with intent to mislead ' their customers and punish them if they broke the law, or we could try so to organize our economic life that they would have no incentive to do so. Let us consider the prospects of legislation. They are not bright. First there is the difficulty of drafting a Bill which shall be at once precise enough to satisfy the lawyers and sufficiently wide in its scope. It is not by downright lying that advertisers reap their rewards. That is a crude technical blunder which those trained masters of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* learn to avoid in Lesson I. But suppose this difficulty overcome, and the Bill drafted. Who would support it? Public opinion as yet is very far from being organized in its favour. Only a few are conscious of the subtle and widespread harm which advertising is doing, and

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fewer still feel moved to indignant action. On the other hand business men are acutely aware of the loss of profit they would incur if advertising were strictly controlled. And the biggest losers would be the newspaper owners—the very men who are in the best position to manufacture public opinion. If anyone doubts with what unscrupulous intensity threatened vested interests can fight, let him look through the files of the New York *Nation* for the last year and read about the lobby against the Pure Food and Drugs Bill. This Bill, an intelligent and useful measure, was introduced by the present Administration at the height of Mr. Roosevelt's popularity, but its teeth had been drawn by the time the final stages were reached.

If then cure is so unpromising, what of prevention? The small producer seems to be disappearing in many branches of industry, and it must be admitted that under complete monopoly most of the wastes of advertising would be eliminated. But in a capitalistic economy complete monopoly has other and perhaps greater disadvantages ; those who care to risk the exploitation and restriction of production involved are at liberty to advocate private monopoly in any industry or even a world of monopolies. Probably few would be so bold. And it should be noted also that a few large sellers are very likely to intensify competitive advertising ; good examples are the newspaper war in this country and the cigarette industry in the United States. The root of the matter is, as we saw above, that no producer can afford not to advertise when his competitors are doing so, with the result that a position where the amount of resources devoted to advertising is small is inherently unstable ; and it is bound to remain so where production is carried on for private profit by independent competitors. Those who dislike both Socialism and competitive advertising must find the outlook gloomy ; while Socialists will find in the evils described above yet another argument against the capitalist system.

C. H. P. GIFFORD.

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COMMENTS AND REVIEWS

ENGLAND AND THE OCTOPUS

In various critiques of *Scrutiny* and of books associated with it a charge of ' revivalism ' has occurred, on the assumption that discussions of the old rural civilization imply the wish to revive it. Is it necessary to say that there has been no such thought? In particular cases the charge clearly emerges from wilful misunderstanding: political problems are unpleasantly complicated—have, in fact, to be restated—if you pay any serious attention to ends. One would trust more most of the people with investments in politics whom one meets, if they showed any capacity to discuss with intelligence the nature of a ' high standard of living.' No one is likely to have such a capacity who cannot also discuss with intelligence the old rural order. This does not mean running a competition between the 18th and 19th centuries, or replacing the Idea of Progress with a lost Golden Age.

To narrow down to the aesthetic aspect, those interested in the rural past will not be concerned so much to preserve the vestiges of it (though they will be reasonably concerned for this), as to see that the works of man in our time respect the environment—come to terms with it—as those of the old order did. (Incidentally, there is room for a book on the lines of the *Cautionary Guides* to exemplify the now lost adjustment between man and his surroundings, and the fitness of his products, in contrast with the disharmony we live in now.) The country is likely soon to consist of suburbs, golf-courses and embalmed ' beauty-spots,' intersected by concrete avenues of petrol-pumps and roadhouses. Many of the best-known amenities have been conserved, but we must save from ruin the staple of the countryside, not only the patches specified by guide books. This can be done very easily if building is

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planned, and planned with regard to contour, and if houses are good in design and material: bad garages, callous roads and the unnecessary destruction of trees, can do more harm than a great deal of well-planned building.

This prospect, means of averting it and much else that is relevant to his sub-title, are dealt with in *A Charter for Ramblers : The Future of the English Countryside,* a polemic in which Mr. Joad's peculiar talents are exercised profitably. Readers who usually cannot stomach his work will remember that in *The Horrors of the Countryside* (Hogarth Press, 1/6d.), reprinted in *Under the Fifth Rib,* he did useful educational work. Some of this has been reprinted in the new book, which, to gauge by price and publisher, should reach a wider audience. As an informer of public opinion, it is very well done indeed, but as the views advanced are readily acceptable to readers of these pages, I will, instead of discussing them, mention what seems to me its one serious defect—a defect rather surprising in one who as a Progressive Person must be aware of the need for organized action on certain fronts, that the chief weakness of the forces making for health is their unco-ordinated diffusion. The reader to whom this book brings home for the first time the case of the English countryside will ask what can be done about it, and he will not find a great deal of particular suggestion. Certainly Mr. Joad proposes certain fresh measures and the proper enforcement of existing regulations, but the goodwill of an individual isn't helped to be effective. He doesn't even propose action through local councils and members of parliament ; such institutions can be made to work in the right direction, as we who talk about the collapse of democracy are liable to forget. There should have been a chapter *What You can Do about it,* with some proposals for chivvying M.P.s. and so on, indications of what could be done in schools, and above all some account of the C.P.R.E. He mentions it approvingly, but omits to describe it or give its address, though his public will have never heard of it. If intelligent individuals fail to have any effect on public opinion it is largely because they are scattered ; similarly, sensible organizations such as the C.P.R.E. pant for support because potential backers never hear of them. Not to mention it to his audience simply gives it an excuse for lapsing into inertia. Its a pity, because otherwise the book is excellent of its kind.

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Ten or twelve years ago, to those conscious of the wanton suburbanization of the country, the idea of successful counteraction would have been almost fantastic, for the interested societies were few and dispersed until they were given effectiveness and solidarity by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. It has now about forty constituent bodies with interests in the country, such as the R.I.B.A., the R.A.C., the Central Landowners' Association and the Camping Club ; and more than double the number of affiliated bodies, chiefly local preservation societies, Architects' Associations and so on. The C.P.R.E. co-ordinates the work of these societies, gives expert advice on request, and issues publications of its own to deal with particular problems, and a monthly report, almost any number of which will show how impressive is its achievement—in preventing destruction, assisting good work and educating public opinion. It also lends a travelling exhibition and lends sets of slides.

While it provides a channel for the more or less innocent kind of mind which would otherwise be helping to preserve an imaginary Empire, the C.P.R.E. has not been side-tracked and remains free from uplift ; one can thus support it without reservation and with enthusiasm. It has avoided the liberal optimism and compromising which have vitiated the work of the League of Nations Union. Though the task of the C.P.R.E. is simpler, and it can make a directer appeal to existing sanctions, the instinct to health, etc. Propaganda—or rather the exciting of consciousness and conscience—is a large part of its work, and it has certainly met with much success here, no doubt partly through the excellence of its associated publications—the *Cautionary Guides, The Face of the Land, The Threat to the Peak,* and Mr. Clough Williams Ellis's *England and the Octopus.* The latter is complementary to Mr. Joad's book ; it is a pity it hasn't come down in price. It is in education that its aims can be most successfully furthered ; others, one hopes, will follow the lead of the Berkshire Education Authority in forwarding its work in schools. In ways like this the Board of Education might become less of a misnomer. A lively and genuinely educational ' subject,' interesting to healthy children of all ages, is provided by sociology of the C.P.R.E. kind ; with its local opportunities it offers scope for maintaining an interest in the concrete and an awareness of the environment

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and for fostering a desirable kind of patriotism—thus diverted, the energy used in celebrating St. George's Day would not be wasted. The dragon has faded so much: it's time to substitute Mr. Ellis's Octopus. Any education proposed in connection with *Scrutiny* would include teaching on C.P.R.E. lines. According to a short account in *The Listener* for November 29th, 1933, it appears that the school at Dartington Hall has an advantage here: 'Most of our English schools are in the country, but they are not of it. They live within a ring-circle of their own conventions and playing fields and callovers, and indeed, curriculum. The purpose and intention at Dartington Hall is that the children shall suck in the rural spirit . . . ' Or, in the words of the school advertisement, 'special attention is paid to the utilization for education of rural life and industries.' The public schools miserably waste their opportunities here; perhaps it is too much to expect that they should be aware of a life which even in decay exhibits more purpose and interest than that of the middle class. (Boys at such schools are commonly unacquainted with places within a two-mile radius). Some experience of the country is necessary to emotional growth, and such experience helps to expose the futility of the golf-bridge-dancing round; as a means to sharper perception and more adequate sensitiveness it is an indispensable antidote to a nuisance common in school—cheap sophistication and the hard-boiled approach to literature.

'Agriculture must be revived.' It may be put on its feet economically, but you cannot revive the mode of life that grew out of it, any more than a dead plant (which is not to dismiss Dartington Hall and similar experiments). Certainly what vestiges of that order survive should be encouraged; and something of the kind is the aim of the Rural Industries Bureau, according to the illustrated guide it publishes: 'There are still about two hundred smiths, seventy-five wheelwrights and fifty saddlers to a county. Scattered over England are four thousand basket-makers; in Wales there are a hundred rural textile factories . . . [etc.]. In the aggregate they represent an important industry giving employment to many men and capable of employing many more. To help these industries to survive and to keep those engaged upon them in the countryside rather than leave them to drift slowly to the towns, the Development Commission set up the Rural Industries

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Bureau.' The intention is admirable: how it is carried out I cannot say. There are good specimens of rural products on sale at Country Industries, Ltd., 26 Eccleston Street, Victoria, S.W.1, and in Edinburgh at Highland Home Industries, Ltd., 111a George Street ; and in a number of counties these goods may be obtained from the Rural Community Councils, part of whose work is to foster rural industry. After a visit to a dreary-cheerful megalopolitan store, it is more than a sentimental relief to come across products which were perhaps as satisfactory to make as to use.

D.T.

Nottingham and the Mining Countryside, by D. H. Lawrence, in the *Architectural Review* for August, 1930.

England and the Octopus, Clough Williams Ellis, G. Blés, 5s.

A Charter for Ramblers : the Future of the Countryside, C. E. M. Joad, Hutchinson, 2s. 6d.

The Face of the Land (a large collection of photographs), Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.

The Cautionary Guides to Oxford, St. Albans, Carlisle, and *The Village Pump*, Sidgwick and Jackson, 6d. each.

The Threat to the Peak (finely illustrated), F. J. Ward, Baker Street, London, 2s. 6d.

The Council for the Preservation of Rural England, 17 Gt. Marlborough Street, W.1.

The Design and Industries Association, 6 Queen Square, W.C.1.

Rural Industries Bureau, 6 Bayley Street, W.C.1.

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THE ROCK

THE ROCK, Book of Words, by T. S. Eliot (Faber and Faber, 2/6 net).

'The view that what we need in this tempestuous turmoil of change is a Rock to shelter under or to cling to, rather than an efficient aeroplane in which to ride it, is comprehensible but mistaken.' The attitude expressed by Dr. Richards here is one that many people now find less alluring than once they did, and to them the general theme of *The Rock* will be welcome. The whole book bears witness to the conviction that the only possible advance at the present time is a 'spiritual' one and has little to do with anything specifically modern, nor any appeal for those who

> . . . constantly try to escape
> From the darkness outside and within
> By dreaming of systems so perfect that no one will need to be good.'

Mr. Eliot's subtle tone of humble and yet militant contempt could hardly be improved upon. What is not convincing, however, is his suggestion that the Church is the only alternative, for his pleading relies upon false antitheses. It puts the plight of the uncultured vividly but it does not show what the Church would do for them. A description of the breakdown of social and particularly of family life ends

> But every son would have his motor cycle,
> And daughters ride away on casual pillions.

But the alternative to the pillion is not suggested. As far as we can judge from the time when such families were more stable, it would be the horsehair sofa, in a front parlour left vacant by the rest of the family with appropriate pleasantries. The only alternatives to godless restlessness that this book gives are the rough diamond piety of the builder's foreman, and more impressive, the satisfactions of the highly cultured who happen to be within the Church:

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Shall we not bring to Your service all our powers
For life, for dignity, grace and order,
And intellectual pleasures of the senses?

But the plight of people capable of appreciating such culture and still outside the Church is not put. In so far as *The Rock* is pleading for certain attitudes which the Church at its best supports it is undoubtedly effective, but as an assertion of the necessity of the Church to the establishing or maintenance of those attitudes it is invalidated by its false antitheses. Undoubtedly it is more effective in its denunciatory description of things as they are, of the misery of the poor and the spiritual vacuity of the well-to-do, than in the remedy it proffers. And it is in the choruses where these descriptions occur that the greatest intrinsic value of the work is to be found.

The prose dialogue which maintains the action of the pageant is distressing. It is difficult to believe that the spinsterish Cockney of the builders was written by the author of the public house scene in *The Waste Land*, and the speeches of the Agitator and the fashionable visitors to the Church are just the usual middle-class caricatures of a reality that has never been accurately observed. They are the caricatures of a class by a class, and well-worn and blurred they are, inevitably. The reach-me-down character of the dialogue is partly responsible for and partly derived from—in fact is one with—the banal and sentimental treatment of a scene like The Crusaders' Farewell, which offers so painful a contrast to the dignity of the liturgical Latin that comes next. Only in some of the ingenious pastiches of archaic styles which Mr. Eliot introduces from time to time is the prose readable with even mild pleasure.

The verse is altogether more interesting. Naturally in a work written to order and presumably in a limited time there is included some which is not as fine as most of what Mr. Eliot has published. Necessarily, too, this verse cannot have the concentration and subtlety of a short poem intended for many attentive readings. Its interest lies rather in its experimentation with a tone of address. Innovations of ' tone ' (in Richards' sense) are at least as significant as innovations of ' technique ' in the restricted sense, and in the addresses of the Chorus and The Rock to the decent heathen

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and the ineffectual devout, who are taken as forming the audience, Mr. Eliot achieves a tone that is new to contemporary verse. Its peculiar kind of sermonizing is especially welcome in contrast to the kind the young communist poets offer us: in particular it succeeds in upbraiding those it addresses while still remaining humble and *impersonally* superior to them:

> The Word of the Lord came unto me, saying:
> O miserable cities of designing men,
> O wretched generation of enlightened men,
>
> . . .
>
> Will you build me a house of plaster, with corrugated roofing,
> To be filled with a litter of Sunday newspapers?

And again:

> Do you need to be told that even such modest attainments
> As you can boast in the way of polite society
> Will hardly survive the Faith to which they owe their significance?

Just occasionally the tone verges on the sententious:

> The lot of man is ceaseless labour,
> Or ceaseless idleness, which is still harder . . . ;

but usually its poise is perfect.

Closely bound up with the tone of address is the texture of the language. The idiom Mr. Eliot has developed here is admirably suited to, and has evidently emerged from pressure of, the practical circumstances of the work: its dramatic presentation before an audience whose muzzy respect for the devotional had to be welded to a concern for contemporary realities. A particularly successful and characteristic trick of idiom is the quick transition from vaguely Biblical language to the contemporary colloquial. It can be seen in this:

> I have trodden the wine-press alone, and I know
> That it is hard to be really useful

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and in this:

> And they write innumerable books ; being too vain and distracted for silence ; seeking every one after his own elevation, and dodging his emptiness.

This passage also illustrates the dominant feeling of the denunciatory choruses, a dry contempt which has passed beyond the stage of tiredness and now has a tough springiness:

> O weariness of men who turn from God
> To the grandeur of your mind and the glory of your action,
>
> . . .
>
> Engaged in devising the perfect refrigerator,
> Engaged in working out a rational morality,
> Engaged in printing as many books as possible,
> Plotting of happiness and flinging empty bottles,
> Turning from your vacancy to fevered enthusiasm
> For nation or race or what you call humanity ; . . .

The Rock is in many ways typical of Mr. Eliot's later work. Far less concentrated, far less perfect, far more easy-going than the earlier work, it has an increased breadth of contact with the world which takes the place of intensity of contact at a few typical points. The change is not one that can be described briefly. It can be roughly indicated by saying that the earlier work seemed to be produced by the ideal type of a generation, and asked for Mr. Eliot to be looked upon almost as an institution, whereas this later work, though not more individual, is far more personal. What seems certain is that it forms a transition to a stage of Mr. Eliot's work which has not yet fully defined itself.

D. W. HARDING.

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MR. ELIOT, MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS AND LAWRENCE

AFTER STRANGE GODS: A Primer of Modern Heresy, by T. S. Eliot (Faber and Faber, 3/6).

After Strange Gods, like the last set of printed lectures, is clearly not a book the author would choose to have written, and one is tempted to pass it by with a glance at the circumstances of production. Yet the weaknesses, the embarrassing obviousness of which is partly to be explained by those circumstances, cannot, after all, be dismissed as having no significance. Mr. Eliot is too distinguished, his preoccupations have too representative an importance, and the sub-title of the book, recalling as it does an old and notorious promise, invites us to consider their presentment here as embodying a certain maturity of reflection.

His themes are orthodoxy and tradition, and, as one would expect, he says some memorable things. Tradition, for example, he describes admirably as ' the means by which the vitality of the past enriches the life of the present.' And when he describes ' the struggle of our time ' as being ' to concentrate, not to dissipate ; to renew our association with traditional wisdom ; to re-establish a vital connexion between the individual and the race . . .', one again assents with pleasure. But when he goes on, ' the struggle, in a word, against Liberalism,' it seems an odd summary.

Mr. Eliot's stress in this book, of course, falls explicitly upon the religious needs of the age. And, with conscious inadequacy, holding on to what one is sure of, one agrees that ' to re-establish a vital connexion between the individual and the race ' means, in a civilization that more and more, at higher and lower levels, fosters the chauffeur-mentality, reviving what it may be crude to call the religious sense—the sense that spoke in Lawrence when he said, ' Thank God I am not free, any more than a rooted tree is free.' It is the sense, perhaps it may be said, a perception of the need to cultivate which made Dr. I. A. Richards, in the book in which he speculates about a future in which we shall ' have learned enough about our minds to do with them what we will '

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and ' the question " What sort of mind shall I choose to be?" would turn into an experimental matter ' (*Practical Criticism*, p. 347), invent his ' ritual for heightening sincerity ' (*ibid*, p. 290)—that invention the crudities of which Mr. Eliot is, if not excessively, perhaps unnecessarily, severe upon in *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*.

What would be the drift of Mr. Eliot's comments on the present kind of fumbling inadequacy one knows well enough. The relevance of this, for instance, is plain: ' when morals cease to be a matter of tradition and orthodoxy—that is, of the habits of the community formulated, corrected, and elevated by the continuous thought and direction of the Church—and when one man is to elaborate his own, then *personality* becomes a thing of alarming importance.' Mr. Eliot has no need to talk hesitantly about the ' need for a religious sense ' ; he adheres to a religion, and can point to his Church and recite its dogmas.

Nevertheless, those of us who find no such approach to tradition and orthodoxy possible can only cultivate the sense of health they have. ' The number of people in possession of any criteria for distinguishing between good and evil,' writes Mr. Eliot, ' is very small.' As we watch his in use, we can only test them by reference to our own surest perceptions, our own most stable grounds of discrimination. When, for instance, he says that he is ' applying moral principles ' to literature, we cannot accept those principles as *alternatives* to the criteria we know. ' What we can try to do,' he says, ' is to develop a more critical spirit, or rather to apply to authors critical standards that are almost in desuetude.' The first phrase is strictly accurate: we could recover such standards only by the development—*as* the development—of a more critical spirit out of the capacity for discrimination that we have already. To put it another way: moral or religious criticism cannot be a substitute for literary criticism, it is only by being a literary critic that Mr. Eliot can apply his recovered standards to literature. It is only by demonstrating convincingly that his application of moral principles leads to a more adequate criticism that he can effect the kind of persuasion that is his aim. In these lectures, if he demonstrates anything, it is the opposite: one can only report that the criticism seems painfully bad—disablingly inadequate, often irrelevant and sometimes disingenuous.

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And it has, more generally, to be said that since the religious preoccupation has become insistent in them Mr. Eliot's critical writings have been notable for showing less discipline of thought and emotion, less purity of interest, less power of sustained devotion and less courage than before. All this must be so obvious to those who read him (except to the conventional and academic who, having reviled him, now acclaim him) that there is no need to illustrate—the only difficulties in doing so would be to select and to stop. Mr. Eliot himself can hardly be happy when he contemplates his recent references to, say, Arnold and Professor Housman, and his references in the present book to Hopkins and Meredith.

These comments one makes, in all humility, as essential to the issue: they are to enforce the point of saying that it is not as a substitute or an alternative that what Mr. Eliot nowadays offers us could recommend itself, but only as a completion, and this it is far from seeming. One may at any rate venture that health—even religious health—demands a more active concern for other things than formal religion than Mr. Eliot now shows or encourages. Indeed, it seems reasonable to restate in terms of Mr. Eliot's situation his expressions of fear regarding Lawrence, fear that Lawrence's work ' will appeal not to what remains of health in them [' the sick and debile and confused '], but to their sickness.'

There is hardly any need to be more explicit: it must be plain why for those preoccupied with orthodoxy, order and traditional forms Lawrence should be especially a test. I do not—need it be said?—mean a ' test ' in the sense that one knows beforehand what the ' right ' reaction is (it will certainly not be acceptance). What one demands is a truly critical attitude—a serious attempt to discriminate and evaluate after an honest and complete exposure to Lawrence. Mr. Eliot has in the past made me indignant by endorsing, of all things, Mr. Middleton Murry's *Son of Woman* while at the same time admitting to a very imperfect acquaintance with Lawrence's work. *After Strange Gods* exhibits something much more like a critical attitude ; there has obviously been a serious attempt to understand in spite of antipathy.

> ' It is characteristic of the more interesting heretics, in the context in which I use the term, that they have an exceptionally acute perception, or profound insight, of some part of the truth ;

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an insight more important often than the inferences of those who are aware of more, but less acutely aware of anything. So far as we are able to redress the balance, effect the compensation, ourselves, we may find such authors of the greatest value.'

—This is not explicitly said of Lawrence ; but it suggests fairly Mr. Eliot's implied estimate of him: he is spoken of with respect, as (what he obviously is) ' a very much greater genius ' than Hardy, and there is ' a very great deal to be learned ' from him. We are decidedly far away from the imagined ' frightful consequences ' of Lawrence the don at Cambridge, ' rotten and rotting others.' It would, indeed, have been ungracious to recall this unhappy past if Mr. Eliot's attitude now had been consistently or in general effect critical, to be agreed or disagreed with. But it is not ; its main significance still lies in its being so largely and revealingly uncritical—and so equivocally so.

' The first [aspect of Lawrence] is the ridiculous: his lack of sense of humour, a certain snobbery, a lack not so much of information as of the critical faculties which education should give, an incapacity for what we ordinarily call thinking. Of this side of Lawrence, the brilliant exposure by Mr. Wyndham Lewis in *Paleface* is by far the most conclusive criticism that has been made.'

The charge of snobbery (repeated elsewhere in the book and accompanied by a most unfortunate tone) may be passed by ; what damage it does is so obviously not to the object. But why, one asks, this invocation of Mr. Wyndham Lewis? With all his undeniable talent, is he qualified to ' expose ' any side of Lawrence? No one who can read will acclaim Lawrence as a philosopher, but ' incapacity for what we ordinarily call thinking '—does not this apply far more to Mr. Wyndham Lewis than to Lawrence? Mr. Lewis stands, in a paradoxically high-pitched and excited way, for common sense ; he offers us, at the common sense level, perceptions of an uncommon intensity, and he is capable of making ' brilliant ' connexions. But ' what we ordinarily call thinking ' is just what he is incapable of—consider, for instance, the list of names brought together under the ' Time-philosophy ' in *Time and Western Man*. His pamphleteering

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volumes are not books ; their air of sustained and ordered argument is a kind of bluff, as the reader who, having contrived to read one through, can bring himself to attempt a summary of it discovers. If, on the other hand, Lawrence does not offer intellectual order or definition or an intellectual approach, to speak of him as incapable of thinking is to mislead. In the same way the phrases, ' lack of intellectual and social training ' and ' soul destitute of humility,' seem to me misleading in suggestion ; and I think that, if Mr. Eliot goes on reading Lawrence—and especially the *Letters*—in a serious attempt to understand, he may come to wonder whether such phrases are quite consistent with humility in the critic.

When we look up Mr. Wyndham Lewis's ' brilliant exposure ' of Lawrence in *Paleface*, we discover that it is an ' exposure ' of Lawrence and Mr. Sherwood Anderson together. Now the primitivistic illusion that Mr. Wyndham Lewis rightly attacks was indeed something that Lawrence was liable to (and could diagnose). Just how far, in any critical estimate, the stress may be fairly laid there is a matter for critical difference. But that Lawrence's importance is not anything that can be illuminated by assimilating him, or any side of him, to Mr. Sherwood Anderson is plain on Mr. Eliot's own showing: ' Lawrence lived all his life, I should imagine, on the spiritual level ; no man was less a sensualist. Against the living death of material civilization he spoke again and again, and even if these dead could speak, what he said is unanswerable.' If Lawrence was this, how comes Mr. Eliot to be using Mr. Wyndham Lewis against him?—Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who, though he may stand for Intelligence, is as completely without any religious sense, as unqualified to discriminate between the profound insight and the superficial romantic illusion, as anyone who could have been hit on. His remarkable satiric gift is frustrated by an unrestrained egotism, and Mr. Eliot might have placed him along with Mr. Pound among those whose Hells are for other people: no one could with less injustice be said to be destitute of humility.

Mr. Eliot no doubt thought he was merely using Mr. Wyndham Lewis to mark off a weaker side of Lawrence from ' the extraordinary keen sensibility and capacity for profound intuition ' which made Lawrence so irreconcilable and potent an enemy of the idea that ' by tolerance, benevolence, inoffensiveness and a redistribution or increase of purchasing power, combined with a

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devotion, on the part of an *élite*, to Art, the world will be as good as anyone could require . . . '. Mr. Eliot, unhappily, was mistaken. From the two sentences of supreme praise quoted in the last paragraph he goes on: ' As a criticism of the modern world, *Fantasia of the Unconscious* is a book to keep at hand and re-read. In contrast to Nottingham, London or industrial America, his capering redskins of *Mornings in Mexico* seem to represent Life.'—*Mornings in Mexico* is Mr. Wyndham's Lewis's text, and it is one of the very inferior books. If it represented Lawrence and the *Fantasia* deserved to be bracketed with it, or if the ' capering redskins ' (betraying phrase) represented Lawrence's ' capacity for profound intuition,' then Lawrence would not deserve the praise Mr. Eliot gives him—so equivocally.

This equivocalness, this curious sleight by which Mr. Eliot surreptitiously takes away while giving, is what I mean by the revealingly uncritical in his attitude towards Lawrence. It is as if there were something he cannot bring himself to contemplate fairly. And the index obtruded in that over-insistence on Lawrence's ' sexual morbidity ' refuses to be ignored. It is an odd insistence in one whose own attitudes with reference to sex have been, in prose and poetry, almost uniformly negative—attitudes of distaste, disgust and rejection. (Mr. Wyndham Lewis's treatment of sex, it is worth noting, is hard-boiled, cynical and external). The preoccupation with sex in Lawrence's work is, no doubt, excessive by any standard of health, and no doubt psychologists, if they like, can elicit abnormalities. But who can question his own account of the preoccupation?—' I always labour at the same thing, to make the sex relation valid and precious, not shameful.' And who can question that something as different as this from Mr. Eliot's bent in the matter is necessary if the struggle ' to re-establish a vital connexion between the individual and the race ' is to mean anything?

Lawrence's concern for health far transcends what is suggested by any talk of sex. His may be ' not the last word, only the first ' ; but the first is necessary. His justification is given in these remarks from *After Strange Gods* (p. 18):

> ' We become conscious of these items, or conscious of their importance, usually only after they have begun to fall into

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> desuetude, as we are aware of the leaves of a tree when the autumn wind begins to blow them off—when they have separately ceased to be vital. Energy may be wasted at that point in a frantic endeavour to collect the leaves as they fall and gum them on to the branches: but the sound tree will put forth new leaves, and the dry tree should be put to the axe . . . Our second danger is . . . to aim to return to some previous condition which we imagine as having been capable of preservation in perpetuity, instead of aiming to stimulate the life which produced that condition in its time.

The tree will not put forth new leaves unless the sap flows. The metaphor, of course, is susceptible of more than one translation, but the very choice of it is nevertheless an involuntary concession to Lawrence. To ' stimulate the life ' in Lawrence's way is not all that is needed, but is, nevertheless, as the phrase itself conveys, indispensable.

> ' It is the way our sympathy flows and recoils that really determines our lives. And here lies the importance of the novel, properly handled. It can inform and lead into new places the flow of our sympathetic consciousness, and it can lead our sympathy away in recoil from things gone dead. Therefore the novel, properly handled, can reveal the most secret places of life—for it is in the *passional* secret places of life, above all, that the tide of sensitive awareness needs to ebb and flow, cleansing and refreshing.'

—Mr. Eliot complains of a lack of moral struggle in Lawrence's novels ; here we have Lawrence's reply, and his justification of the earlier description of him as an ' extremely serious and improving ' writer. No one will suggest that in Lawrence we have all we need of moral concern, but, as *After Strange Gods* reminds us, a preoccupation with discipline—the effort towards orthodoxy—also has its disabilities and dangers. These are manifest in the obvious and significant failures in touch and tone. It may be prejudice that makes one find something distasteful in the habitual manner of Mr. Eliot's references during the past half-dozen years to Baudelaire and Original Sin. But such disasters as that ' curtain ' to the second lecture in the present volume leave no room for doubt.

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No one who sees in what way Lawrence is 'serious and improving' will attribute the sum of wisdom, or anything like it, to him. And for attributing to him 'spiritual sickness' Mr. Eliot can make out a strong case. But it is characteristic of the world as it is that health cannot anywhere be found whole; and the sense in which Lawrence stands for health is an important one. He stands at any rate for something without which the preoccupation (necessary as it is) with order, forms and deliberate construction cannot produce health.

F. R. LEAVIS.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Determinations (Chatto and Windus, 7/6) contains, with an Introduction by F. R. Leavis, the following essays:

ON METAPHYSICAL POETRY	James Smith
MARVELL'S GARDEN	William Empson
A NOTE ON NOSTALGIA	D. W. Harding
THE IRONY OF SWIFT	F. R. Leavis
NOTES ON COMEDY	L. C. Knights
BURNS	John Speirs
JOHN WEBSTER	W. A. Edwards
XXX CANTOS OF EZRA POUND	Ronald Bottrall
OUR DEBT TO LAMB	Denys Thompson
I. A. RICHARDS	D. W. Harding
THE NEW BENTHAM	Michael Oakeshott
THE SCIENTIFIC BEST SELLER	J. L. Russell

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A B C OF READING, by Ezra Pound (Routledge, 4/6).
SUPERMAN, edited by Ephraim Pundit (Constable, 2/6).

This book should finally discredit Mr. Pound as a critic. The fundamental misconceptions in *How to Read* were alarming enough; his *Active Anthology* revealed a complementary inadequacy (see *Scrutiny* vol. 2, pp. 299-301); *A B C of Reading* confirms the severest judgment. This 'critic of international reputation' (on dust cover) might prove a menace to those in need of such an A B C were he to hash up a third time in a form suitable to a text-book his peculiar notions of technique, his three-fold division of poetry into Melopoeia, Phanopoeia, Logopoeia. Even the better parts of *How to Read* lose their power of convincing when repeated in the irritated, truculent style in which this book is written, a style which is the direct outcome of Mr. Pound's inability to listen to criticism and distinguish among his opponents those who appreciate his labours on behalf of English poetry since 1910 from those who seize on the weakness of his recent work in order to discredit and repudiate the re-orientation of tradition for which he was so largely responsible.

Superman comes from the latter camp. 'Ephraim Pundit'—who is no other than Mr. (*Sense and Poetry*) Sparrow—is provoked by Mr. Pound's manner and the inclusion of so many worthless disciples in *Active Anthology*, and his *indignatio* has taken the traditional course. The level of humour and coarseness (which would disgrace a fourth form) is incredible, and if taken along with the passages on Pound in the 'lively little book which should help to bring reason, order and imagination back into poetry again' (Robert Lynd), these 'poems' demonstrate (if it is still necessary) just how incapable Mr. Sparrow is of understanding Mr. Pound's best work. They demonstrate a great deal more about Mr. Sparrow, but not the sort of thing that could be mentioned in a review.

The extraordinary silliness of this book (taking *Cinder Thursday*—an admitted failure—as a standard) makes one wonder why it was printed. Can it be that middle-brow opinion is advancing to a further stage of militancy? If so, it is a pity that Mr. Pound should alienate his genuine supporters.

H. A. MASON.

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CÉLINE

JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT, translated by John Marks (Chatto and Windus, 8/6).

Céline's *Voyage au Bout de la Nuit* has already been fully reviewed in *Scrutiny* (*Scrutiny* II, 2). Here there is little necessity to do more than announce a translation, cleverly expurgated. It is something of a service to make the book available in any form, and Mr. Marks is on the whole to be congratulated on his difficult work. One had hoped, however, that he would do more for Céline. Translation can, I suppose, never be more than a second-hand substitute for a work of art. Mrs. Garnett's Gogol and Dostoevsky, Arthur Waley's *Poems from the Chinese,* are to a certain extent exceptions to this generalization because they have added something of themselves. Mr. Marks is competent, but does not often do justice to the balance and tone of Céline, and in parts reads not much higher than *Death of a Hero.* It is of course more a question of tone than of meaning. The meaning remains, but the essence escapes. The violence of the translation is a different thing from the violence of the original. It is 'clever,' and indicates a straining after effect wholly lacking in the *Voyage* itself. The vocabulary too seems strangely limited and lacking in emotive power, whereas the original's distorted idiom is one of its most remarkable merits. In translation, for instance, the unequalled account of the war does not surpass numerous other accounts: and the description of the American public lavatory becomes vulgar and sordid enough, but loses the apparently effortless rhythm and extraordinarily suggestive phrasing and use of words of the French. The *Voyage* appeals on many levels—which would account for its extraordinary success—among others on the *feuilleton* level. Often, as in the murder in the taxi, Mr. Marks succeeds only in reproducing this level.

Nevertheless, the book certainly deserves to be read by those to whom the French is inaccessible. At least it offers a hint of what Céline's book is.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

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SOVIET LITERATURE

SOVIET LITERATURE. AN ANTHOLOGY. Edited and translated by George Reavey and Marc Slonim (Wishart, 8/6).

To say that this book is utterly worthless would be an exaggeration. But the worthless and worse than worthless in it is out of all proportion to the valuable. The latter is practically confined to the circumstance that the anthology contains a certain number of texts not hitherto translated into English and a few facts unknown to the English reader. But the texts are not well chosen, they are (with two exceptions) badly translated, and the facts are presented in a distorting perspective.

Mr. Reavey has made his publisher believe, and announce on the jacket, that he is bilingual. He is not. His knowledge of Russian would be sufficient to take second class honours in that language at an English university, but no more. As soon as the text becomes a little difficult, or unduly idiomatic he fails. His limitation is aggravated by his peculiar predilection for the most ' difficult ' Soviet poets, like Pasternak. The person who can translate ' strokes of tower clocks ' by ' battle of towers,' knows about as much of Russian as one would render in French ' high time ' as ' *un haut temps*.' As soon as the syntax becomes a little involved (and Russian syntax can be involved, though not quite so involved as Latin) he loses all his bearings. His favourite Pasternak is a master of exceedingly daring and paradoxical metaphor. It is nothing for him to speak of a pair of female arms as ' a shower of elbows.' Mr. Reavey, owing to sheer ignorance of Russian, misses the image. This, in a word-for-word translation, is Pasternak:

> Twist together this shower of elbows, [that are] cold like the waves,
> And of palms [that are as] satin-like as lilies and made powerful by their weakness.

This is Mr. Reavey:

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Weave this shower, like waves of cold elbows,
Like lilies, satin and strong, with powerless arms.

Who would guess that the Russian poet is addressing a girl whom he visualizes as an Atalanta getting ready to start a headlong chase?

But even when he has to do with quite ' easy ' writers Mr. Reavey makes several howlers on every page. A blouse becomes a 'skull-cap,' a trades-union official a ' professional worker,' undivided love ' indivisible love,' and even ten past three ' ten past four '—the latter howler against which students of Russian are warned at one of their first lessons and which stultifies the whole story where it occurs, which is about a girl not turning up at a rendezvous at the right time. Sense of style he has none. Few living writers of Russian are masters of an easier, simpler, more colloquial Russian than Yari Olesha (from the translation of whose story all these howlers have been taken at random). Mr. Reavey stuffs his version with ' beholds ' and ' lead hithers ' and that sort of thing. Where Olesha says: ' My sister, Imagination, is a rash sort of person,' Mr. Reavey has: ' Sister mine, Imagination, how rash you are.' I could go on like this copying out the greater part of the book. But I suppose this will be enough.

The two exceptions I alluded to at the beginning are the two items translated by Mr. Alec Brown, a fragment from Pilnyak's novel, *The Bare Year*, and another from Pasternak's poem, *1905*. The former is a masterpiece, which is as it should be, since Mr. Brown is incomparably the best translator of modern Russian prose into English. The latter may be found fault with—I believe Mr. Brown has missed the rhythm of the original, possibly put off by the arbitrary division into lines which has become the fashion in Russian poetry. But it is the translation of a poet by a poet, and whatever criticism we may advance it is miles apart from Mr. Reavey's helpless attempts.

The choice of material is not fortunate. In conjunction with Mr. Slonim's introduction, it is calculated to give a distorted picture of Soviet literature. The inclusion of Remizov and Andrey Bely as the fathers of Soviet prose implies a view of the development of Soviet literature which may have been tenable in 1925 but which had become utterly ridiculous long before 1932. The ' stylistic revolution ' of the early twenties was not the beginning

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of a new era of which the Symbolist novelists Remizov and Bely were the precursors, but the last lights of the Symbolist age of which Remizov and Bely were the principal masters in imaginative prose. The Remizov-and-Bely elements in the work of Pilnyak, Leonov, Vsevolod Ivanov, etc., was a superficial survival: the really essential element in early Soviet prose was not the chase after rhythm and elaborate verbal patterns but the vision of a new reality, a new world of unprecedented cataclysms and unsuspected forces.

The inclusion of Remizov and Bely and the exclusion of Gorky who is the real father and 'grand old man' of Soviet literature is calculated to convey the entirely false idea that the really vital element in Soviet literature is the aesthetic formalism inherited from the decadent literature of before the Revolution, and not the 'Socialism' of which Gorky was first the precursor and afterwards the greatest master. You may read the Anthology from beginning to end and remain ignorant of the fact that since 1917 Gorky has written such work as *My Universities*, *The Artamonov Business*, and that greatest of all his novels, *Klim Samgin* (in the English translation *The Bystander* and *The Magnet*). I do not mention the play *Yegor Bulychov*, which is Gorky's highest achievement and the highest achievement of Soviet literature, because the Anthology may have gone to press before it reached the editors.

This tendency to represent the old individualistic elements as the main current in Soviet literature, and the new realism that concentrates on the imaginative representation of social and political fact as a hot-house plant artificially encouraged and essentially reviving obsolete methods of the 19th century, is the main vice of the Anthology. But even apart from this the choice of matter translated is not always fortunate. Why are such quite minor writers as Kaverin and Ushakev included, and such outstanding novelists as Artem Vesely and Alessey Tolstoy absent? Mr. Reavey expresses his regret at not having included Bagritsky, but why did he not include him? Probably he simply was not aware that since the death of Mayakovsky Bagritsky (whose death last February was a bad blow to our poetry) was universally regarded as the most significant, characteristic and influential of Soviet poets.

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Mark Slonim, who wrote the introduction and compiled the section of the anthology devoted to Literary Criticism is an active political *émigré*—that is to say an enemy of Soviet Russia. This circumstance is nowhere stated in the book, though persons conversant with things Russian will be able to gather so much. Being as he is an enemy of the Soviet Union and of Communism, it is natural that he should have tried to distort the facts and to present them in a way as hostile as possible. Being an experienced politician and the member of a ' democratic ' and ' Socialist ' group who pretend to be the friends of the Russian people and only opposed to the ' excesses of Communism,' Mr. Slonim has done his work in such a way that his real aims will not be detected by the average reader. But besides the more subtle distortions—the main trend of which I have already outlined—the introduction and the notes in the section on Literary Criticism contain numerous statements that are clearly false. He presents, for instance, the ' Proletkult ' as a militant Communist institution, while in reality it was started and run in the main by Bogdanov, an old opponent of Lenin's, with the object of building up a cultural ' proletarian ' institution that would be free from the influence of the Communist party. In speaking of the controversy of the Rapp group with Professor Pereverzev, he contrives to leave out the main issue of the discussion, which was whether, as Pereverzev maintained, a writer's work is entirely and to the very end conditioned by his social origin and impressions of early life, or whether, as his opponents insisted, a writer was capable of developing, of widening his outlook and of adopting the point of view of a class that was not his by birth. The discussion was of immense practical importance, for the real point at issue was whether the ' fellow-travellers ' were doomed to remain petty bourgeois individualists for ever or whether they were capable of being affected by the great changes which introduced the age of Socialism.

We find in the introduction such astounding assertions as that the Rapp had the support of only a negligible minority, and that after its dissolution by the Central Committee of the Communist Party its leaders were exiled to Siberia and the Urals, which is simply not true. Or the no less astounding statement that there are Communist critics in the Soviet Union who think in terms of ' national spiritual development.'

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It is regrettable that Mr. Reavey should have associated himself with Mr. Slonim. For after all his own defects spring from the *bona fide* sciolism of an ambitious but not over-talented undergraduate, and I do not think that his intentions were consciously hostile. He meant well, I believe. But his performance is poor. And taking it altogether the Anthology is a very, very small step towards making the English-speaking public better acquainted with the literature of the Union of Socialist Republics.

D. S. MIRSKY.

MUSIC IN DECLINE

THE REALITY OF MUSIC, by Rutland Boughton (Kegan Paul, 7/6d.).

MUSIC HO! by Constant Lambert (Faber & Faber, 10/6d.).

The functions of the body are felt consciously and discussed only when they are not working properly; and so with the social organism—it is when the times are out of joint that speculation queries every inch of the structure, criticizes the architecture of the whole and the work of every part. Inconvenience makes sociologists of us all. It needed the present crisis of capitalism to set everybody asking what was his particular relation to society and whether he could be content to serve in a society that required him to have such relationship to it.

That the arts should figure prominently in the present fancy for sociological speculation is not strange. Never has there been a crisis of civilization that so intimately concerned the arts, for never before have they been so isolated in the centre of all that civilization has meant. As the most primitive traditions of life have been gradually superseded by complicated social machinery, the arts have more and more embodied a tradition of human values that alone could give satisfying quality and continuity to civilized life. It is no accident, therefore, that artists of all kinds should be foremost in scrutinizing the present trend of affairs. Their fate in one of the largest European countries, which has recently cut off all its leaders of culture at one

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unregretted blow, shows that artists are not fiddling while Rome is burning when they insist on discussing their place in society.

Music is a welcome guest at such discussions, for she is something of a newcomer. In the 19th century, when most orthodox theories of aesthetic and histories of culture were being formulated, musicians were seldom invited to take part, and if they had been, few of them would have been qualified to contribute anything useful. The youngest of the arts was busy cultivating its own garden. But the state of its garden is now such that it needs advice from its neighbours, and it is beginning to feel that its neighbours could often do with a little advice. In any case, a common crisis is drawing all together, and in future no theory of aesthetic and no history of culture will be complete that does not give more weight to music than has been customary in the past. Nor is this to be regretted. Many of the glib formulæ current in artistic circles could not long survive the inclusion of so unmaterial an art as music ; and on the other hand, many periods of historical research must appear in a different light when essentially literary ideas of culture are stretched to include the music of these periods—by which must be understood not so much the masterpieces as the musical habits and background of the people.

Two recent books mentioned at the head of this article are typical of the musician's growing consciousness of his relation to the rest of society. They are both books for the amateur rather than the professional musician, and both intend to treat music as part of a complicated set of impressions helping to form and to express the individual member of a society. The temptation in a book directed to non-specialists, especially at the present time when everybody seems satisfied with half-digested scraps of knowledge, is to indulge in shallow generalizations that mean very little. But against that danger we have the assurance that both these books are by eminent composers, and in fact Mr. Lambert's book, in particular, contains much penetrating criticism that is obviously based on detailed analysis of the music with which he is dealing. That their musical credentials are above suspicion is a point not to be overlooked, for only those who have had genuine musical experience can reconcile music with other aspects of life and culture. It does not follow, however, that a good musician

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will be a good sociologist ; and by sociologist is meant not the common type of scientific pedant who can balance endless columns of statistics on the point of his pen, but rather one who can create from dead facts the essential life of a period. Only such a person can have anything relevant to say on the topics to be discussed ; for both artistic sensibility and social insight are necessary in a world where the artist cannot accept his environment without thereby stultifying his art, and in which he is therefore compelled to study the social history behind the whole development of his medium. In the second requirement both the books under review leave something to be desired.

Mr. Boughton's book tries to trace ' the influence of real life upon music, form its primitive manifestations, through folk-music, to its development during Christian civilization. The author takes certain subjects which have been associated with musical expression—Religion, Mother-love, Sex, Labour, War and Work—and shows how the forms and quality of such music have been affected by the general life in which it was produced.' The aim, therefore, is to relate music in its varied manifestations to the primary human instincts and only incidentally to the progress of civilization. And here immediately appears the chief defect of the book. A dualism is established between music and the ' real life ' to which it is supposed to be ' related.' Instead of music being itself part of the emotional pastiche in which people live, it is treated as something separate that continually impinges on the fundamentals of ' real life.' We are not surprised, therefore, that the words allied to music and the ceremonies for which music had to be provided, often get more actual attention than the music itself. More seriously, the influence of music on modes of living, the counterpart of the effect on music of habits of life, is quite neglected, and we are unable to gain a complete picture of the place of music in different communities, a study that would seem to be of considerable interest at the present time. Mr. Boughton is in fact a Marxian with a dash of Freud. For him the ' real facts ' are the instinctive and the economic ones ; and this ideological preparation for his task betrays itself repeatedly in his vocabulary. The result is a simplification rather than a clarification of the problems involved in tradition and the place of music in the community, and indeed in all that culture implies.

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The best parts of the book are inevitably those that deal with life on its most instinctive level. In the early part of the book there is much interesting, if not exactly novel, material about the music of primitive peoples. The communal feeling of the early dance songs is well brought out, and we find D. H. Lawrence, among more scientific investigators, quoted, to show ' that such dances were a source of re-creation in the finest sense of the word ' (p. 4) and that even in the dances that most obviously seemed representational there was no dramatic element present, but only ' a soft, subtle, *being* something ' (p. 9). This line of thought might have been worth following up in the later parts of the book. It would have been profitable to deal with the survival of this unconscious awareness of the individual's place in the community and of the nearness and primacy of the basic rhythms of life and the soil in folk-music and in the kind of society, such as that of 16th century England, where folk culture was still fundamental. Unfortunately, as Mr. Boughton's history advances it becomes more and more dominated by ideas forged in 19th century industrialism and (to take one example) his conservative Marxism prevents him from perceiving any but the surface details of 16th century England. Analysing the content of a few madrigal and lutenist volumes he comes to the conclusion that out of nearly three hundred songs there is ' not a single one celebrating real work,' and he reproaches Weelkes in particular for including pastoral verses in his 1598 set, published just after the fearful famine of 1597. The only conclusion he can come to is that the Elizabethan musicians ' were shut away from the world like church mice or pet monkeys, and as little able to express the realities of their time ' (p. 148). But that is a very superficial view to take. Even if we admit that ' all that Phillida-and-Corydon business was at best a mere bourgeois affectation of rurality,' to judge the madrigalists by the words of the Petrarchan convention is quite to miss what they were trying to do. Their technique would have been unequal to an attempt at depicting the class-struggle that Mr. Boughton seems to think the truest view of life, and in any case what they saw in the words of their texts was a possibility of framing an emotional language from the rather mathematical scheme of sensuous sound that had been bequeathed them from the mediæval polyphonic style. The uniformity of the

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literary convention was an aid to this inasmuch as it limited the emotions to a few simple passions that could always be associated with certain progressions and texture in the music, and thus allowed the listener to be gradually accustomed to the association of these emotions and these particular kinds of music . To suppose that the musicians had any further concern with the content of their texts is to insult their intelligence and that of the poets who knew so exactly what the music of the time could use as the basis of its settings. If, for example, we take a song like Dowland's ' In darkness let me dwell,' we can easily see that the poet (perhaps Dowland himself) has been at pains to fill the verse with words of gloomy connotation, and the composer has used the general atmosphere for the pervading tone of his music. To inquire into the intellectual purport of the poem is irrelevant: what matters is the musician's skill in creating a mood.

Moreover, to suppose that the absence of contemporary references from the text shows Elizabethan musicians to have been aloof from the mass of the people is a great mistake. Actually the different classes of the community were very close together. Anything like the atmosphere of a modern suburb would have been unthinkable to an Elizabethan. Mr. Knights showed in the last *Scrutiny* how the currency of Elizabethan prose is stabilized on the folk speech of a community, and in the same way the fine dance tunes, the ' neat and spruce ayres ' that the virginalists used were an important element in the culture that bound the whole community together, in an age when music and dancing held higher place than novel and newspaper reading in filling the leisure of all classes. Pepys and his servants enjoyed music as a family ; even in the 18th century the relation between Sir Roger de Coverley and his tenants was more paternal than could be found in the modern world. There was constant intercourse between the ballads of the people and the court airs of the upper classes ; and traditional culture whose feeble remnants Cecil Sharp found was the reverse of a class culture.

If in diagnosing the condition of past cultures we must be careful to see through the sordid details of everyday life, in treating of modern civilization we must be careful to see through the extraordinary efficiency of the social machine and assess what is being lost in essential values. Mr. Lambert's book is a very

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encouraging attempt at this. He writes as a man of genuine culture sensitive to all the manifestations of his period, and as a composer who is very practically faced with the *impasse* into which music has landed. Though we may differ as to the stress he lays on various aspects of the situations, there is no doubt that he has assembled and interpreted the relevant facts. The revolutionary enthusiasm of the immediate post-war period having evaporated, he finds that the old revolutionaries have remained in place to become the real conservatives with little help for his own generation, and sets out to survey for himself what must be at this time the position of music 'in relation to the other arts and in relation to the social and mechanical background of modern life.' He finds himself in a waste land. Partly this is due to the exploitation of a few technical resources for their own sake. Thus Debussy concentrated on harmony by divorcing it from rhythm and Stravinsky followed up the tendencies of his nation by bending harmony to the service of rhythm. Technique has been pushed to a limit that allows little hope of further development without splitting the chromatic scale and starting on a strange new world where the inherited prejudices of musical experience are of no help. Faced with a blank wall many have turned to 'time-travelling' in a frantic effort to find new points of departure. Mr. Lambert is rightly severe on the dead neo-classicism of Stravinsky's latest phrase. Synthetic melody that has no roots in the soil of one's native idiom has no similarity to real music. Indeed nothing is more difficult (and this applies to the listener as well as the composer) than to distil from old music just the emotional content that the composer intended to put into it. The form and outward semblance of Mozart is what he shares with all the hacks of his period; and that is all the modern imitator usually succeeds in copying. Genuine understanding comes from perception of where Mozart expresses something no one else could have expressed, and it can never be transferred to a different idiom: it can only be absorbed into a sensitive experience capable of fusing it with impressions gathered in its own world and creating new music in its own idiom.

Yet the technical *impasse* is not final. 'No composer can surprise us now with sensational technical discoveries, nor are we content with self-expression that takes the form of a personal

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alembication of a family joke . . . The modern composer has now to consolidate the reckless and fascinating experiments of the pre-war pioneers while avoiding the dog-Latin classicism of the post-war pasticheurs. He must make a synthesis of the present varied elements with an emphasis on the one that has been most neglected, namely form ' (p. 329)—and it need hardly be said that by form is meant not the arid dogmas of the text-books, but a fit vehicle for the expression of the emotion. And Mr. Lambert has already found isolated figures who point to the future. ' Of all contemporary music that of Sibelius seems to point forward most surely to the future ' (p. 328). That is because, though he is an absolute master of technique, in Sibelius the technique is always subsidiary to the thought. ' Whereas most modern music is concerned mainly with vocabulary, Sibelius is concerned with content ' (p. 311).

Sibelius, however, has always been a figure apart from the general movements of European music ; and only the really great can stand apart. We doubt if Mr. Lambert is correct in thinking that the discovery of such a triumphant example of true music solves the general problem of music in this age. The ordinary artist and still more the musical public need a tradition ; and the dominant impression of the present age is the disintegration of traditions. Vaughan Williams and the English school have sought a tradition in folk music ; but folk traditions have gone. Ugly, international, characterless uniformity have taken their place. ' We have only to think of the average large street in twelve different European capitals, streets distinguished from each other only by the names painted over the shops or the way the windows open, filled by men in precisely the same drab clothes, following precisely the same drab occupations, supporting wives or mistresses, wearing the same cheap French models and using the same cheap French perfume, going to the same Garbo film, listening to the same American light music, watching the same kind of sports and driving the same kind of motor car, to realize the absurdity of conjuring up one street by a can-can, another by a hopak, a third by a tango, a fourth by a morris dance and so forth through the stock list of national dances ' (p. 176). The musical language of the new uniformity is jazz, and it has the same level of appeal as the popular press and film.

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The musician's audience is being undermined by the mechanization of which this uniformity is part. Music is coming to serve the same time-killing purpose as the novel. It provides a background to almost all activities, and real listening is becoming as impossible as real reading. 'The present age is one of overproduction. Never has there been so much food and so much starvation, and . . . never has there been so much music-making and so little musical experience of vital order' (p. 233). Mr. Lambert thinks the result of all the mechanical music that litters the world to-day will be the elimination of the middle-brow, and for this reason Hindemith and the Gebrauchsmusik seem to him doomed. We are inclined to doubt this, for in literature the advertisement-writer and crime-novel type of mind has forced the academic citadel and is doing very well, and his counterpart seems welcome in the B.B.C. Music Department. But at any rate we can agree that there is likely to be, and indeed there already is, an unbridgeable gulf between the vast public and the leaders of musical thought. Elgar probably will be the last important English musician whose very name will be generally known to the majority of readers of the press—and even he had only occasional interest to the newspapers when his inherent vulgarity broke through his more respectable virtues as a composer. 'As far as I can see it, music written by composers whose individualism links them with the great composers of the past and whose work, being the result of a spiritual concentration, requires at least a modicum of this concentration from the listener, will become a specialized art like poetry, appreciated with the same intensity by an equally small public' (p. 273). Like poetry. Precisely. But is remains to be seen how long the small minority can hold out against the shameless exploitation of sound by which it is cut off. The position is not hopeless, but it is serious and it demands the attention of others than musicians. Literature and the fine arts are in the same position; and all must preserve the continuity on which their environment presses so hard. This, even in a time of economic stress, may be said to be a major issue, in which much is involved.

BRUCE PATTISON.

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WHICH ENGLAND ?

HERE'S ENGLAND, by Dorothy Hartley (Rich and Cowan, 9/-).

Miss Hartley has tramped the country in search of fundamental industries still surviving, not artily-craftily but unself-consciously as paying concerns. Domestic things and local differentiations also. The best commentary on this book is the passage quoted in the March number of *Scrutiny* from Eric Gill's pamphlet *Unemployment*:

> 'These necessary works have hitherto been man's chief means to the very thing which he is now expected to gain without doing them, namely culture.' Etc., etc.

In many cases the manner of presentation is on a different level from the matter ; but that, I have learned, was due to a necessity in the first instance to comply with the exigencies of daily journalism—an apt comment in itself on the book's title. About the stuff of the book there is a gratifying absence of make-believe, and of nearly all of the 'snapshot' illustrations this is also true. There are surviving humanities enough, thank heaven, in country places: yet there is something about the environment of the general reader that alters their significance. They relate to a world on which our civilization is a super-imposed structure ; they are somehow out of their context, like bottled milk in a shop window.

The general case is such that it superficially dramatizes the wood-worker modest before the mystery of timber. That knowledge of—rather that communion with—the intrinsic qualities of material was the secret of the old craftsman's zeal as well as of his skill. It was, in fact, his 'mystery.' To-day it may be perhaps with the extreme few—the scientist perhaps, the designer of aeroplanes. In a lesser degree even with the designer of waterworks or gasometers. But that great army of people for whom the waterworks and gasworks are made, who get heat and water by turning on a tap—where for them is the mystery of water, even of domestic water lying in a well, or the mystery of fire? Providence is superseded by the local borough council.

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The manner of Miss Hartley's book is as significant in this respect as is the matter. She has had to attract attention. The measure of the aversion to turn aside and look into things is the measure of the unsatisfactoriness of life for the individual to-day. To attend more than is enough to get the expected 'kick' out of anything. To get beyond that is the author's purpose. But to catch the general attention we start with the besom maker as news. 'Here's England' says Miss Hartley. In effect 'Here's Something Different.'

Although these industries and customs continue in the England of to-day they are detached by generations in spirit, and offer no basis of continuity. There may still be a sense of community locally, as suggested in the verbal photograph of the village waking in June, and among the people centred round the industries described. Theirs is a world apart, but what guarantees their native integrity? The lonelier ones following in woods and on heaths their one-man trades have a better chance, one feels.

But nothing, neither the quality of their life nor of their output can alter the fact that they are survivals; certain broad traits of human nature alone excepted. They serve to sharpen the issue, at least. It seems to come back to this: can we in our wide sweep and loose aggregate grasp (we 'consumers,' that is) with our sole power of variousness, transience, realize life at a depth at least equal to that attained in a preoccupation with, say, the qualities of tent-pegs or of besom brooms?

There is one other consideration: it is implicit in Miss Hartley's title. If this is England then that other is not, but a budding world system, cosmopolis. What is most significant is a growing distrust of the power of the latter to avert its own self-destruction. The manufacture of bombs keeps pace with that of service flats. Along with that a doubt as to its ability to preserve vital impulse while destroying the local mystery.

Could mechanical knowledge be bombed quite to extinction? Leaving that speculation, there grows daily in the air about us a feeling that the survivors of our system will one day have to start to carve out life again in small communities. Were we sure of civilization we should not so wistfully look back. These ancient things waiting in corners are crucial, to be known of against the day of wrath. Meanwhile the local genius is at home there.

ADRIAN BELL.

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PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

MODERN SCHOOLS HANDBOOK (Gollancz, 5/-).
THE SCHOOL, by W. B. Curry.
THE OLD SCHOOL (Cape, 7/6).

At the moment not much can be hoped for from educational institutions as such. Everyone knows that the original public schools have never been consciously modified to meet new conditions—the addition of 'Science' was a retreat, they would have done better to stick to their classical guns; the grammar schools have become technical colleges; and elementary education was wrong from the start. These elementary facts are obscured by an established vested interest—teachers, governors, training-colleges, publishing firms, enmeshed with the industrial machine. A glance at one of the organs of enlightened education is not more cheering than at the *Times Educational Supplement*; the investments are nearly as heavy, only this time in cranks and plans and methods. Progressive education has never taken its bearings; at best there is a vague consciousness that education can be more than a self-contained mechanism, more intimately related than the Post Office to the problems of civilization.

The *Modern Schools Handbook* contains descriptions 'by the headmaster and headmistress in each case, of twenty-one experimental schools,' and it perhaps represents the best work that is done of policy in schools. (Even the mossier public-schools may do as well, or better, but only by accident). It would be possible to make this book the occasion for depression by treating it, more ponderously even than this note does, merely as evidence for the case often made in these pages—disintegration, the breakdown of channels of communication, and so on. The progressive schools are as much at sea as any of us. The well-intentioned schoolmaster will not find any clear, common perception of the ends of education, whereby to correct his aberrations. I am not presuming that the schools should have a common policy: but here if anywhere one might expect a common platform—expect that their differences would be on questions proposed in common.

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There was never a more forcible demonstration of the need for a centre, an exchange for ideas. The schools of which the opposite might have been hoped are not in contact with 'the best which has been thought and said in the world.' But the noxious gas of uplift is, on the whole, absent: there is much good-will, and even receptivity to new ideas, which need direction to be efficacious. It would be too easy to pillory the ludicrous results of a pre-occupation with the mere methods of education. 'Social poise,' one contributor tells us, 'is the most precious of life's possessions.'

Schools are only retailers, and teachers cannot be expected to be original literary critics or philosophers, though they ought to be in touch with the best workers in these lines. One wants to know who are the wholesalers and middlemen of the schools. The old public schools ought to be following up the implications of, say, Matthew Arnold's work, instead of being satisfied with, at worst, a nasty mess of Kipling, commerce, and uplift, or at best, the vague generalizations which headmasters produce, if pressed to say what they are trying to do. They should adopt Matthew Arnold as a serious practical adviser, not an ideologue to be quoted in chapel. Even as they are, much can be done through the public schools: empty-headed fatlings are not their only product. They could be made positively educational institutions by reforming their pitiful ideas of tradition, gentleman, aristocrat, conservative; words used automatically in a pejorative sense by progressives who would be well occupied in something harder, in rescuing them from their degenerate associations, and giving them a meaning which can be applied to the urgent problems of the day. Before the public schools are condemned *in toto*, it should be considered in what way sap can be made to flow in their brittle carcases. We can't afford to overlook any possible ameliorator, and if the public schools need the kind of attack made in *The Old School*, they need also more radical destructive and some constructive criticism.

The public schools should at least be in touch with the best thought of seventy years ago; and of the progressive schools one might require (in vain, of course) that they should be cognizant of (not necessarily accept) D. H. Lawrence's *ad hoc* writings on education, and the implications for teaching of his best work. It has been pointed out that he is a corrective for some attitudes

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peculiar to the public school man: he is also an antidote for various manifestations of the Progressive—aggressive rationalism, a clinical and morbid interest in sex, an impercipience beyond present psychology, an immature, arrogant faith in 'science.' His recommendations for education are as intelligent as his criticisms of the schools hitherto, and he seems one of the indispensable guides to determining the ends of education. Anyone who wants assistance in establishing an intelligent attitude towards children might read the relevant (and now often quoted) chapters in *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. Their sanity is particularly welcome after accounts of what some educationalists do to the children they teach.

The *Handbook* is a good advertisement for enlightened education: its tone is moderate and likely to persuade a parent hesitating between one of the schools described here and one of the more orthodox boy-prisons—the risk in sending children to the latter is far greater. The parent will be able to find a school where his offspring will not be subjected to lœuve, bullying, etc., and many parents, mindful of their own schooldays, will be grateful for that. He may also be assured that in some schools the psychological approach to children is satisfactory. I should very much like to hear expanded the contention that successful school education depends entirely on this approach; as an illustration, it is asserted that an attempt to deal with the war issue through the works of Ponsonby, Trotter and Angell is too late and superficial, that what is necessary is to see that children grow straight, with no injury done to them which will break out later in a desire for revenge, that is, in war (see Glover's *War, Sadism and Pacificism*). This argument (only crudely and inadequately sketched here) has been noted before in these pages, and it is mentioned again, because if it can be established, it will appear that some people are wasting their time. In schools it is the staff more than the children who need an analyst. Of course it is essential that children should be happy, but educationalists should aim at more than that: they should see themselves involved in an attempt to deal with the present world-situation.

And there are in the *Handbook* various excited allusions to 'this changing world,' and pervasive statements, intelligent or merely Rotarian, that education must produce 'good citizens.' Perhaps they are mainly pious aspirations satisfied by having a

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branch of the League of Nations Union on the prospectus. An extended statement of the case for Education in Citizenship is Mr. Curry's *The School*— the author is headmaster of the school at Dartington Hall, and describes it in the handbook. Of these chapters—' Freedom and Discipline,' ' Competition and Marks,' ' Co-education '—it need only be said here that they are persuasively treated. Other headings are ' The School and the World,' wherein are stated the responsibilities of education with reference to three problems (peace and war, force within the state, changes in the economic system), ' Education for Peace,' and ' The Intellectual Climate,' the last consisting mainly of a laboured if just dismissal of compulsory religion in schools. (Mr. Curry is a pious Atheist). All this is very acceptable so far as it goes ; yet it hardly grazes what should be the preoccupations of education. A glance at the footnote citations shows why—Wells, Laski, Keynes, Dickinson, Bertrand Russell, are the frequent names. It may be said for Mr. Curry that he has not the vices of his formative influences.

Some readers will regret that Mr. Curry instead of justifying education in its bearing on economics and politics—much less space might have been expended without weakening the arguments—did not dilate upon the task of the school in its relation to his argument on p. 81 :

> ' The defence of modern industry is that if it has made work more mechanical and less interesting, it has also increased the opportunities for leisure so as to offer now, for the first time in history, the possibility of a civilized existence for everybody. It is in this connection that progressive education has an important and vital function to perform. The stress which it places upon the Arts and upon creative activity of every kind ought to produce a generation of adults with more interests, more vitality, much less tendency to find life boring and a more creative outlook upon life.'

Mr. Curry does realize that ' citizenship ' is not enough. In his Preface he writes : ' The notion of a child as a personality which, by means of education, must become steadily more integrated has, therefore, an important place in modern educational theory.' But the reader will never discover from his book what is meant by

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' integration.' For Mr. Curry, as a Rationalist, has only a distant salute for the arts.

Education in Citizenship is subordinate to the main ends of education. In a mature developed person the virtue of citizenship is comparatively a by-product. A mere good citizen may be an incomplete and in many ways undesirable person. I am using the word in the sense in which it appears in the title of the Association for Education in Citizenship (61 Westminster Bridge Road, London). In this usage the virtues of citizenship seem rather negative, nothing to be very enthusiastic about. It could have a more attractive content, if its implications were explored. For a start a good city must be defined: this cannot be done only in terms of planning and amenities ; the 'real urbs ' is not an agglomeration of clean pens each with garage, but something in the nature of an organism, where people have intercourse, social relations with each other, and an interest in the locality, a coherence, deeper rooting than a fungoid attachment to their district.

Again, an education in citizenship will presumably involve some emotional discipline against the stimuli of fear, hate and the herd. But this by itself is negative and is hardly separable from the positive training of the emotions which makes a person generally more fit for living. The good citizen too will have his reading powers, and his critical powers generally, fortified so that he will not be bamboozled by specious appeals: the complement of this is that his training will make the literature of his country accessible to him. And how will the citizen be enabled to vote for the right candidate? If his tests are to be serious, he must have a good general intelligence to see whether politicians pay any attention to the underlying issues, to estimate the quality of everyday living offered by a system, when all material needs are supplied. It is not much use being able to see the corruption of capitalism unless you are aware of the subtler workings of the machine upon life. In Mr. Hindus' *Red Bread* (Cape) a Communist speaks: ' In the old days the proletarian did not know what perfume was. Now a good many proletarians buy it. Some of the girls who work in our factory smell of perfume when they come to work, and it is not bad. That is progress.' The educated citizen, that is, must be able to perceive the deficiency of such Wellsian attitudes. As an end in itself, education in citizenship should be

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limited to those who are by nature incapable of profiting by an education through the arts.

A further purpose of education is put forward by Mr. Sharp of Abbotsholme:

> 'One must not deny that important function of education which consists less in looking forward, or concentrating on the present child, than in looking back, studying the experience of the past with the conscious purpose of its use in the future. The boy has to be equipped with the inherited resources of his civilization. In the limited hours and years of school life, a great number of "subjects" compete for their place in the timetable, while the other tendency of the age is equally strong—driving boys to specialize in a narrow range of subjects at an undesirably early age. Both these tendencies appear to be based on a superficial estimate of value, and to assume that education ends in school. It is far more important to develop all a boy's vitality, powers and response, to teach him how to learn and desire to know the truth, how to think and to use evidence, and how to apply his knowledge, and to lead him to develop those latent tastes which the accident or convention of his environment has failed to evoke.'

Education, that is, must make available what tradition has still to offer, the sum of experience which, while it is drawn upon and kept alive by individuals, is a kind of racial memory—the clue which makes all the difference between individual living and passive existence in a clot. Education (to reiterate) must aim at developing those qualities which grew naturally before. Contrast with Mr. Sharp's comments on specialization this passage from J. M. Synge's *The Aran Islands*:

> 'It is likely that much of the intelligence and charm of these people is due to the absence of any division of labour, and to the correspondingly wide development of each individual, whose varied knowledge and skill necessitates a considerable activity of mind. Each man can speak two languages. He is a skilled fisherman and can manage a curagh with extraordinary nerve and dexterity. He can farm simply, burn kelp, cut out pampooties, mend nets, build and thatch a house, and make

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> a cradle or a coffin. His work changes with the seasons in a way that keeps him free from the dullness that comes to people who always have the same occupation. The danger of his life on the sea gives him the alertness of a primitive hunter, and the long nights he spends fishing in his curagh bring him some of the emotions that are thought peculiar to men who have lived with the arts.'

For the kind of person produced by present conditions, consider in Mr. Hindus' books the young Russians he describes. And compare with Synge's account, p. 49 of Mr. Robert Marshall's *Arctic Village* (Jarrolds). It is not easy to see how the abundant leisure of the future can ever be so satisfactory as the work even of peoples so near the subsistence level and so miserably poor as these Aran Islanders. Again part of the schools' work is the elucidating of this issue to those who are capable of perceiving it, and the offering of the best equipment we can for the profitable use of that leisure. Though it would be a self-indulgence it is tempting at this point to outline a plan for a reformed school. There would be very, very little biology, enough mathematics only to keep accounts, a minimum of chemistry and no physics. These things cannot teach humility and respect, qualities which are much needed nowadays. Strenuous efforts would be made to see that adolescent interests (*e.g.* motor-racing) did not become inveterate ; the futility of motoring might be pointed by contrasting the demands made by driving a car and riding a horse. ' Let us awake as soon as possible to the repulsive machine quality of machine-made things. They smell of death.'

To return to the schools as they are. It is not really possible to find out what a school is like from the Headmaster, however honest he may be. I was going to say that you might find out a good deal from the disloyal Old Boy, till I read *The Old School,* which is a disappointing collection of essays by various writers on the schools they were sent to. There are intelligent *obiter dicta,* but there doesn't emerge any single, sharp point that could be stuck through a pachyderm. It is surprising how easily satisfied some of the writers are—perhaps because schools have been such miserable places that a little happiness there will cover many defects. However impressive the policy of a school may sound in print, its effectiveness depends on the quality of the staff, and

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upon what goes on in the classroom, especially in the ' humanist ' subjects. Therefore what is really wanted is a handbook for schoolmasters. (This is not merely T.U. feeling—parents would learn more from it than from any other source). It would give a full account of conditions of work at the school, tenure, income, etc. Economic security is important ; good work cannot be done by a staff in a state of titubation, and schools which have a reputation for losing their staff lose heavily by putting off good teachers.

I doubt if the headmaster would be allowed to contribute, except to the questionnaire which all the staff should be induced to answer, giving (for instance) their out-of-school interests, what (if anything) they read, etc. If schools were regarded as places to teach at, they would be more effective as places to be taught at. People teach for various reasons: because they like it, because they see that in education (if anywhere) the urgencies of the time can be grappled with, or because the work offers more scope than other possible occupations for maintaining adult interests—even though they may not like teaching. It is better to have about a school cultivated adults who are not ' born teachers,' than the professional lover of children, the lover of beauty, the incontinent exerter of influence. It is important that education should be as good as we can make it, as more than a straw for a drowning civilization ; it is also important to see that there is some work to be done which does not destroy the person who does it. One always understood that teaching was a depised profession, resorted to only by the weak and by athletic yobs ; and it is interesting to find that the more intelligent members of one or two public schools (perhaps more) contemplate teaching. The best wish that may be offered is that they will come across the kind of influence which will enable them to implement their good intentions.

DENYS THOMPSON.

MANIFESTO. Edited by C. E. M. Joad (Allen and Unwin, 7/6).

To define one's attitude towards the *Manifesto* of the Federation of Progressive Societies and Individuals is in some ways a delicate matter. The effort at what Mr. Wells describes, in his Introduction, as a ' creative rally ' of ' all liberal-minded and socially constructive men throughout the world ' commands one's

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active sympathy. One may not like this or that in the various statements of aims (' what we of the left want . . . trying to work out the greatest common denominator of the whole '), but there is little to challenge rejection. The qualified nature of one's acceptance may be illustrated with reference to the chapter, ' Reform of the Sex Laws.' One may agree with the substance of that chapter and yet be convinced that one would find one's sympathy extremely limited in any company of sex-reformers, and that it is as necessary to counter-act them in some ways as to co-operate with them in others. (' We see in Russia that sex morality has made immense strides ' : such things justify an initial recoil from that ' Progressive.') So when Mr. Wells advocates ' The modernization of education throughout the world so as to ensure to every human being the necessary knowledge and ideas and the necessary habit of service, for conscious willing and competent co-operation in the human commonweal ' : one assents to the general formula, while being ready with a militantly critical response for any particular scheme that Mr. Wells may produce or sponsor.

Actually, the chapter on education in *Manifesto* falls rather surprisingly short of justifying such a readiness. To say this is not to reveal a prejudice against the author, Mr. Olaf Stapledon ; merely, his idiom has as pronounced a Wellsian ring as that of most of the other contributors, and his opening pages arouse one's suspicions in various ways. Even when he offers this, one is not altogether reassured:

> ' Consequently much superficial and truly barbarous thinking is now done in the name of science. The most effective antidote to this is, I believe, aesthetic experience. Moreover, aesthetic experience in the sphere of art may lead up to an aesthetic ecstasy in relation to the universe. And this, I should say, is the only genuine religion.'

But with a turn of the page one's worst suspicions begin to appear unworthy ; the earlier impression is modified. Under the head, ' Treatment of Literature,' Mr. Stapledon says:

> ' Literature should be one of the most important subjects. It is also one of the most difficult to handle, and may do far

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more harm than good. There is a great danger of creating insincere veneration for a body of " classical " texts which have no vital significance to the student. The study of literature should have several distinct functions in education. It should make for accuracy and penetration of thought, and delicacy of emotional reaction.'

Mr. Stapledon does not make the explicit connection, but this passage may be allowed to de-Wellsianize retrospectively the effect of such things as: ' he must organize his sentiments, subordinating all lesser sentiments to the supreme sentiment of loyalty to the enterprise of the human species.' Not that one objects to the general proposition ; but, of an educationist, one requires to be convinced that he can provide a radical criticism of *The Outline of History*, and of the other works in which Mr. Wells has displayed his notion of fostering the ' loyalty ' in question.

One's attitude, then, towards what Mr. Eliot calls ' Liberalism ' is not one of mere rejection. The supporters of the *Manifesto* are (most of them), one believes, not radically enough opposed to the present drift of civilization and not aware enough of the subtler dangers threatening humanity. Yet if there is no hope in the kind of effort they stand for, there is no hope at all ; it demands co-operation, even if it demands criticism at the same time ; and the criticism is not something to be reserved till civilization and the humane tradition shall have been placed in security. It cannot be insisted too much that such phrases as ' the fullest and most vigorous life ' and ' ampler and richer way of life '—phrases that abound in *Manifesto*—involve urgent questions that those who are uncritical of Mr. Wells have not yet begun to consider. These questions might, on consideration, turn out to have some practical bearing on the problem of mobilizing effectively the dispersed and undirected forces of goodwill, disinterested intelligence and humane habit to which *Manifesto* appeals.

F.R.L.

RUSSIAN SOCIOLOGY, by Julius F. Hecker (Chapman and Hall, 8/6).

It is a little difficult to understand the purpose of this book. There is no virtue in producing a catalogue of the sociological theories arising in a country unless a line of development be traced

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or some other connecting thread be discovered. Chronologically the end of Russian sociology is, of course, Marxist-Leninist theory. This, however, does not arise out of preceding Russian theories. As Dr. Hecker himself points out its roots are to be found in English Classical Economics, French political theory and German Idealist pholosophy. No attempt can be—or is made—to trace the origins of Marxism in the numerous sociological systems of the Russians themselves.

The alternative approach open to Dr. Hecker is to shown how the theories arose out of the economic and social conditions of their times. He explicitly accepts such an approach but he fails to develop it. The plan adopted is to give a brief sketch of Russian history (Pokrovsky is much superior in *e.g.* his chapter ' The Revolutionary Bourgeoisie ' in *The Brief Outline of Russian History*) and then to deal with the theories in isolation, apart from their social background. As a result there is no real attempt to show that ' every social theory arises to meet a social need ' and the inability of the various theories to gain general acceptance is left unexplained.

This failure is much to be regretted. It is only very recently that attempts have been made in English publications to show the conditioning of all types of intellectual work by the existing economic and social environment. We have been dominated for so many years by Classical Philosophy, in one form or another, with its accompanying theory of knowledge that in this country the existence of an alternative is scarcely realized. Nothing but good can come of competent expositions of the view-point adopted by Dr. Hecker: a fruitful opportunity to develop his thesis of social conditioning was open to him and if this had been taken the reader would inevitably have been prompted to ask questions concerning the nature and fate of English theories, *e.g.*: what caused the failure of humanitarianism which at one time promised so much?

Dr. Hecker only half grasps the nettle and the book tends to develop into mere exposition. The author fails to reveal conspicuous courage either in estimating the contributions of Russian sociology to the world in general or in making a forecast of its future developments.

H. W. DURANT.

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PERIODICALS.

The *Hound and Horn*, we regret to announce, with the current (July-September) issue ceases publication. There is one journal the less where one can look with any hope for intelligent criticism.

The European Quarterly (Stanley Nott, 1/-: edited by Edwin Muir and Janko Lavrin) contains in its first number (May, 1934) an article by Mr. Muir called *Bolshevism and Calvinism* that is well worth looking up. This is an opportunity to note the distinction that *The Listener* enjoys in being able to print, in Mr. Muir's weekly article, the best current criticism of fiction to be found in any English journal.

The Colosseum (2/- a copy, 8/6 a year: 1 Devonport Street, W.2) is another new quarterly. Its position is explicitly Catholic. On the showing of the first two numbers it is decidedly worth attention.

The World (1/6 monthly, 20/- a year: 97/99 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2) is a Monthly Review of Current Affairs edited by Vernon Bartlett. It is 'the aim of this paper to present to its readers month by month a review of the world as outlined by its newspapers and periodicals.' If we are to have, what is now so urgently needed, a public well-informed and enlightened about Foreign Affairs, some such supplement to the ordinary journal as Mr. Vernon Bartlett offers is clearly necessary.

THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION.

The boast of the English Association that it 'lives on the earnings' of those two disgraceful anthologies, *Poems of To-day*, received attention in an early number of *Scrutiny*. Since then, the Association has published another anthology, *The Modern Muse*. Criticism offered in *Scrutiny* is, of course, dismissed as the usual kind of insolence: no reply need be made, and no notice taken. But since the July issue of *The Criterion* contains a letter from The English Association, it seems unlikely that the signatories will pretend not to have seen the Editor's 'Commentary'

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in the same issue of that review. It is devoted mainly to the Association. The Editor refers to the anthologies as ' those ignoble compilations.' With reference to *The Modern Muse* he says: ' The editors do not show bad taste: they show no taste at all.' He continues:

> ' The occasion is much more serious than the appearance of one more bad anthology. This book has a kind of official sanction ; and as we are assured that its monstrous predecessors have circulated in schools, there is good reason to believe that this volume will follow them. In compiling a collection of verse for which such vast popularity is anticipated, the English Association should have felt a sense of responsibility towards the public. It should have taken as one of its aims, instead of the brainless balderdash of its preface, the aim of educating the public taste. It might not sell 132,000 copies if it did. Instead, it would perform a public service. It has preferred, in a spirit of addled Imperialism and Anglo-American amity of the most futile kind, to offer a marketable ware to English-speaking people in " the four quarters of the globe " ; and to talk about it in the language used by politicians without policy, whose only programme is to stay in power.'

We wait with interest to see if the Editor of *The Criterion* will be dismissed as wantonly insolent and critically negligible, and no notice taken.

* * * *

The Editors announce for future publication:

THE MODERN UNIVERSITIES

THE RELIGION OF PROGRESS - - J. L. RUSSELL

WORDSWORTH - - - - - - F. R. LEAVIS

THE HIGHER JOURNALISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY - DENYS THOMPSON

EDUCATION IN FRANCE - HENRI FLUCHERE

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